TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

That success invariably excites envy is being proven with remarkable faithfulness of detail in the matter of our Industrial Fair. Not only are outside cities eaten by cankering jealousy, but some of our people, who ought to know better, are trying to show their smartness by criticizing the management. The *News*, for some undeclared reason, proposes that Manager Hill be deposed and suggests the name of Frederick Nicholls as his successor. The latter has denied that the proposal was made at his suggestion, and I confess that the denial was timely, for until it was made I, together with many others, entertained that awful suspicion. Mr. Nicholls is a pleasant gentleman, who, however, has never been accused of lingering in the lap of spring when there was anything in sight he could reach. Aside from the very noticeable fact that Mr. Nicholls esteems himself very highly, and is in the habit of sometimes speaking in too glowing terms of himself, he is a worthy member of the Board, but he is not at all a fit successor to Mr. Hill, who, indeed, needs no successor, and nothing but his success in the eyes of the envious has led to such a suggestion. The tropical warmth of the last meeting of the Board indicates that the gentlemen who have devoted so much time and energy to making the Fair the pride of Toronto feel much more deeply wounded by these petty attacks than the circumstances warrant. Toronto has thorough confidence in their management, and I don't imagine that the Council will feel inclined to usurp any more authority than they now possess. While intimating that the gentlemen of the association should feel themselves above the attacks of a few ill-tempered reporters who are utterly unfit to act as their critics, it is just as well to remind the grave and reverend seignors that success should make them happy, not haughty, and to warn them against making the mistake of thinking that the Industrial Fair is greater than Toronto. The most rankling wounds are those inflicted by the selfish and ignorant on progressive and patriotic men who sacrifice much for their country's or city's good, and it requires much forbearance and infinite tact to avoid collision with the stupidly honest as well as with the maliciously dishonest. If the gentlemen who have built up the Fair wish to have their names written still higher on the city's roll of fame they should endure still a little longer and toil yet a little later. Exactly what civic reward is meted out to those who in this way endure unto the end is not plain. It will probably consist in a very large and enthusiastic funeral, and will perhaps arrive a little too late to be gratifying to the director whose slow-coming glory on earth has been swallowed up by the greater glory of being an angel.

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The announcement that the two new chairs in Toronto University, endowed by the somewhat involuntary subscription of the city, are to be devoted to minerslogy and English literature will give general satisfaction. Mineralogy has been a much-neglected study in Canada, though our mines have long been known to be most valuable. Nor has English literature received the attention it deserved. Canada has produced but few good writers, and though this will not be remedied until our authors are not subject to the disabilities of an Imperial copyright law which affords them no protection, and permits them to be ground between the upper millstone of the English publisher and the nether rock of piracy, yet it will give an impetus to reading and study which will be sure to excite ambition and effort. Sometimes, out of evil good may come, and out of the mistakes and mismanagement of the city's councils, which ended in the compulsory establishment of these two chairs, famous mineralogists and *litterateurs* may spring.

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An evening contemporary which has recently established itself as a commission of one for the entire and proper management of the morals and moneys of the city of Toronto insists that we must stop right here and not build the new court house and city hall because the old ones, with a little fixing, will do for fifteen or twenty years more. Its advice is "to level off the court house site, sod it and use the ground as a park till the city is in a better financial condition to build." This frugal suggestion might be enlarged. Church street is well-paved and Yonge street is not. It would cost a good deal to put Yonge street in good condition. Why bother having two well-paved streets running in the same direction? Use Church street and sod Yonge street and use it for a park for ten or fifteen years until we get ready to put it in proper repair! Let us have plenty of sod whether we have any buildings or streets! The author of the valuable court house suggestion has probably but recently torn himself from the green pasture on which he had been bred, and sighs for a sight of more green grass than we can afford him in a place so thickly settled as Toronto. He is probably unaware that what we need hereabouts is not so much sod as business, and that while we are very exclusive, we are not unwilling to import our grass rather than grow it in the streets. While we need more parks, we do not want to turn our business properties into pastures.

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A Montreal correspondent has begun a very timely agitation for the opening of Protestant churches on week days. He thinks it a sin that buildings erected for the worship of God, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, should be kept open for public worship about three hours in seven days. While he underestimates the amount of time consumed in church services during the week, which, including class and prayer-meetings and Sunday schools, would probably amount to half a day, the church proper is not really open for more than three hours. What is more inviting to those for whom the swinging door-screen of the saloon has no charm than the open portal and the restful quiet of the house of worship? Thousands of Protestants have wandered into Catholic churches on week days and in the "dim religious light" watched the worshippers who were there to pray, and the saintly sights have led them to wonder why the magnificent edifices of Protestantism have no invitation for the weary and heavy laden during the six days of labor to enter, and amidst religious surroundings and the hallowing influences which cluster about the house of God, to rest, to think, perchance to repent.

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ROSINA VOKES.

As Longfellow says:

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an indistinguishab'e roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day
And leave my burden at this minister gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmur dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

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The closing of the church when the pew-holders do not require its use is prompted largely no doubt by the fear that someone may borrow the hymnbooks and forget to bring them back, but this would be obviated by the presence of the caretaker. No doubt the pew-owners would object to the cushions being sat upon and the carpets spat upon by the ragged and unsanctified, but on Sunday night the cushions of the fastidious might be piled away. Vandals who would injure churches or deface pews are indeed rare, and in countries where the churches are always open they are almost unknown. We dare not take our fences down in Canada for fear romping children will run over our flower beds, tear up vines and break shrubs and trees, yet in many large American cities where the mischief-loving spirit of childhood is quite as prevalent as it is here, fences have been removed, and trespass, theft and injury to flowers are unheard of. The abolition of fences creates a public spirit, which resents an injury to what is the property of the people, and all our gardens and our churches thrown open, when a sentiment is once aroused that they are for the public good, are safe from injury.

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The closing up of Protestant churches on week days shows to what extent the churches have acquired the methods and characteristics of social clubs. They are managed as if they were not for the public good but for the convenience of the ladies and gentlemen who find it pleasant and profitable to subscribe for their maintenance and assure themselves of cushioned seats and a pliable pastor. While getting material for a new feature for SATURDAY NIGHT, which I propose to begin next week, I called recently upon some pastors in their church parlors and have found an apartment comfortable and business like, resembling in nearly every respect the office of the secretary of a club or the manager of a theater. The deacons and elders correspond very nearly to the board of management of a club, and the sessions are almost as business-like and the admissions regulated by rules not greatly differing from those to which a man must conform when joining a social society. That religion ceases to be aggressive under such circumstances is not surprising. I imagine if Paul had opened an office in Jerusalem or had a meeting for inquirers in Rome or could have been seen for an hour a week in the pastor's parlor at Ephesus, he would not have caused the tumult that he did. I reckon Peter would not have gotten into jail if, as soon as he had got a congregation together, he had only met the searchers after truth in his study or denounced error in tones which were intended not to diminish the collection.

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Brethren, if you desire to do good open your church doors on week days, and it possibly might not do harm if you would open your hearts a little bit more the year round. On the fashionable streets the great big iron hinges and bars of your church doors stare the passer-by in the face and afford an apt illustration of your method of conducting the Lord's business. If the gates of heaven were shut as tightly as the doors of the Metropolitan and St. Andrew's, the poor sinner who was knocking thereat would likely be seized by the devil before he got a chance to get inside.

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The other night I called on two or three pastors who were out, and as I had appointed the evening for obtaining material for the special articles I have once before referred to, I felt much disappointed, and was about to go home when the timbrel of the Salvation Army was heard over Toronto's dark sea and I followed the procession and heard with pleasure their song, "Salvation Is Free." I always had an irresistible inclination to follow a band, and the none too polished measures of the Salvationists' song, the banging of the drum and the tinkling of the tambourine suited my humor. After ten minutes' tramp I reached the barracks and saw the men and women—some of them pretty hard looking specimens—drop in to hear; probably to be amused. The Salvationists sang with all their might, prayed with all their might and exhorted with all their might. They knelt and prayed and sang while on their knees and prayed again and seemed thoroughly in earnest. In simple words they told their experiences. Some of the grammar was shockingly bad, some of the words and phrases strained and full of what in anything else than religion would be called "highfalutin'," but the majority of them talked excellent sense and had enough spirit to be natural. I noticed too how effective all of them were who avoided the stock phrases of the exhorter and spoke in the language they use in average conversation. Before I went away, their invitation to those who longed for the salvation of their souls to come forward, was answered by a woman who said she was a drunkard. She knelt amongst them and they gathered around her and prayed, and one bright and good-faced youth bent reverently beside her with such tenderness as he would have shown his mother. Back in the hall, a pretty girl in the uniform of the army had her face close to the unwashed countenance of a man who might have been a tramp, as she implored him to come to the throne of grace. His tears and evident emotion proved that he was not untouched. Who can say that these people do no good? The churches have right good reason to examine themselves as to their sins of omission.

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The saloons from early morning till late at night have open doors and glittering lights, and every one is welcome who has a dime. The theatres make themselves attractive and are eager and aggressive in their methods of obtaining patronage. I for one believe that theatres conducted as ours are in Toronto do no harm. People may spend too much money going to any place of amusement. It is possible for them to spend too much in trying to have a swell pew in a fashionable church. I see in the papers letters from some very straight-laced people taking serious objection to the scant costumes of the Viennese fencers—the young women who exhibited their skill with the foils at the Exhibition. These writers were most profoundly shocked at the conduct of the young women who rode the bicycles. I confess that it makes no blush mantle my weary cheek to see exhibitions of that sort, and if it does me any harm I have never noticed it. I am sure that many of these people who rush into print, or from the platform so bitterly denounce these carnal amusements, satisfy their conscience by criticizing, and spending neither time nor money nor effort in going down into the slums and alleys to bring souls out into the light. The man or woman who spends too much time in criticizing people who they imagine are not quite good enough, are apt to devote mighty little time to rescuing any one. Brethren of the churches, if you keep your doors shut, your hearts shut, and your eyes shut, where are we to go for companionship? Open your doors, open your hearts, open your creeds, and many a stray sinner will wander into the fold who now feels that an entrance to your midst would need so much violence that he fears if discovered in the act he might be mistaken for a burglar.

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When the churches are open some good Christian ought always to be there to receive the stranger, if with nothing more than a smile of welcome. If the fire on the altar be lit but once a week, should we wonder if it goes out? If the priest offers sacrifice so seldom, should we marvel if there is so much for which atonement is not made? The altar from which the priest is never absent is that about which the neediest sinners will always gather.

DON.

Probabilities.

That typhoid, diphtheria and smallpox may frighten the city into a reorganization of its Health Department.
That the East Montreal election may teach Mercier not to jog the demagogue gelding too fast.
That Bill Stubbs, though not much of a patriot, may be beaten and yet help rid Cardwell of carpetbaggers.
That Montreal is about to return the compliment by ignoring Toronto's warrant for Jim Baxter.
That the Central Bank liquidators took A. A. Allen for a bigger fool than he is.
That there will be a large attendance at Dr. Crother's lecture on Inebriate Asylums and Their Work.

Rosina Vokes.

For years the Vokes children were an important feature in the great Christmas pantomimes in London. Then Jessie, Victoria, Rosina, Frederick and Fawdon (although the latter was not a Vokes except by assumed name) in 1868 appeared as the Vokes family. Victoria, the queenly, black-eyed one, was the best singer, and also won considerable success in the more serious drama, appearing in London as Amy Robsart. Jessie died five years ago, and Frederick last June. Victoria and Fawdon are still acting in the English provinces.

The family made their first appearance in America in 1872 and in the Belles of the Kitchen and Fun in a Fog became the most famous of vaudeville companies. The unusual combination of hilarious fun with the perfect taste and refinement which distinguished them was emphatically personified in the lady-like individuality and infectious laugh of Rosina, who occupies the Grand Opera House next week. It was the Vokeses who first established the high reputation of the Union Square Theater, New York, the family by their refined humour, keen wit and merry capers, attracting a better class of patronage than it had known before and gradually establishing a clientelle of cultured and appreciative society. When Rosina married (she is now Mrs. Cecil Clay), the brightest light of the troupe was gone, but they kept up a certain measure of popularity for a time, and with her return to the stage the soul and heart of the old Vokes performance came back and we remember them here in Toronto and their distinctly well bred company and dainty comediettas.

Rosina Vokes is about thirty years of age and went on the stage in pantomime when she was but nine; her parents being theatrical

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

Society.

The betrothal has been announced of Princess Sophie, daughter of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, with the Duke of Sparta, Crown Prince of Greece. The Princess is but eighteen years of age, while the Crown Prince, who is a nephew of the Princess of Wales, is a little over twenty years of age. The union was assented to by the Emperor William with the greatest cordiality, a feeling which will be shared by the German people, as the young Prince is very popular in Berlin.

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The Fall At Home of the Argonaut Rowing Club came off most successfully last Saturday afternoon. Had the whole year round been selected from a more perfect day could not have been chosen. The afternoon was not too warm, neither was there any suspicion of that chilliness which conjures up the blue nose and pinched features of half frozen maidenhood. No! Everything was just as it should be, and everybody recognizing this, forthwith set *himself* and *herself* to enjoy *themselves* accordingly.

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The At Home was in capital hands. The President of the Argonauts is a whole team in himself, and what Col. Sweny hasn't learned in the art of making things go off with a vim and a go is hardly worth acquiring. The gallant Colonel, it must be admitted, was well supported by the officers of the club, who were most assiduous in their efforts to afford a pleasant afternoon to all.

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The balcony of the Club House is always a pleasant lounging spot in Christian weather; and doubly so when it is graced, as it was last Saturday afternoon, by sparkling, laughter-loving womanhood, and, indeed, it was a pretty sight from the upper deck of the steam yacht Vivid, which latter was most kindly placed at the disposal of the club by Mr. F. B. Polson whose good nature was evidently appreciated by the large numbers of ladies who enjoyed the races from the starter's boat.

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A prominent figure on the Vivid's hurricane deck was Mr. A. R. Denison. 'Pon my honor, I imagined for a moment that Artie owned the boat, I'm sure the outsiders, who watched the races from the wharf, are to this moment under that impression. That he discharged the duties of starter in the most admirable manner goes without saying.

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Of the races themselves, are they not written in the chronicles of the morning papers, and have they not already been thoroughly discussed and digested by the lovers of athleticism in Toronto?

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There was a pleasant interval of dancing between the races, and frequent adjournments therefrom for tea, coffee, cakes and the unambitious lemonade which were served in Webb's usual manner. The skillful handling of their instruments by Marcicano's people brought a number of good-looking trippers to the mazy, and very much they all appeared to enjoy it. So too did the wall flowers who, I shrewdly suspect were floral from choice purely, as only cozy corners were utilized on Saturday afternoon.

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Shortly after the conclusion of the last race Colonel Sweny who, by-the-bye, was an enthusiastic "wet bob" at his University, presented the prizes to the successful men, and in a neat speech brought to a close the fall At Home of the Argonaut Boating Club.

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Amongst the guests present were Mrs. Hy. D. P. Armstrong, the Misses Arthurs, Brodie, Bright, Bain, Madge Bain, Brymner, Burr, Barker, Boulibee and Mrs. E. Percy Beatty, Mrs. George Bell, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Braide, Mrs. Burk, the Misses Christie, Craig, Cockburn, Clarke, Edith Clarke, L. Drynan, E. Drynan, Mrs. Christie, the Misses Dumoulin, Denny, Douglas, Mrs. A. E. Denison, the Misses Ellis, the Misses Fairbairn, M. Fairbairn, French, Ferguson, Mrs. French, Mrs. Frith, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Grantham, the Misses Lucy Howard, Heward, Hoskins, Hall, Henderson, Hesson, Haldan, Sarah Haldan, Frances Haldan, E. Harvey, V. Hughes, Hamilton, Mrs. S. Haldan, Mrs. Hayter, the Misses Ince, Kirkpatrick, H. Kay, Mrs. Kellar, Mrs. Kelland, Mrs. R. C. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Jarvis, the Misses Langtry, Langmuir, Lockhart, Lightbourne, Maule, E. Monmouth, K. Mulcahy, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. John Mahony, Mrs. Massie, Mrs. Muntz, Mrs. Maule, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Langtry, the Misses Maclean, McVity and MacNabb, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Northcote, Mrs. Neubigging, the Misses Orr, Oates and Osler, Mrs. Osler, Miss Patterson, Mrs. H. L. Peebles, Mrs. Parsons, the Misses Ryan, Miss E. Ridout, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. F. W. Redden, Mrs. Sweny, the Misses F. Shanklin, Sewell, Sullivan, Smith, Senkler and Stammers, Mrs. Austin Smith, Mrs. Ed. Smith, Mrs. George Sweet, Mrs. Sullivan, the Misses Tulloh, G. Temple, Thomson, Taylor and Tenny, Mrs. G. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Wadsworth and Mrs. Young. Amongst the gentlemen who danced attendance were Messrs. Ardagh, Abner Arnold, C. H. Badenach, F. W. Burritt, A. C. F. Boulton, W. H. Burr, Browne, C. A. Bogert, A. B. Barker, E. Percy Beatty, Craig, A. Cayley, F. G. Cox, Fred. Campbell, A. M. Clarkson, J. W. Drynan, A. R. Denison, James Denny, F. Dixon, F. A. Drakes, Lyman Dwight, A. E. Denison, W. D. Donaldson, H. Davies, R. G. Ewings, G. R. Frith, jr., A. Fraser, Fores, F. Gillespie, J. F. Gregory, J. Goulstock, H. B. Hall, R. J. Horrocks, G. M. Higinbotham, T. M. Harrison, A. J. Henderson, C. Holcroft, F. Hayter and party, C. C. Haynes, Paul Jarvis, J. L. Kerr (Commodore of T.C.C.), Lockhart, W. E. Long, Percy S. Maule, John Mahony, G. Harold Muntz, G. M. Mitchell, A. M. Morphy, Captain MacDougall, Judge Macdougall, A. B. Mackenzie, Frank Maclean, C. M. Macdonald, G. A. Neuman, Reginald Northcote, H. L. Parson, H. L. Peebles, Playter, H. W. Pringle, F. A. C. Redden, A. G. Ross, Fred. J. Ross, D. M. Robertson, Shanklin, F. Sparling, Stammers, Dr. L. W. Smith, Austin Smith, E. W. Sandys, D. T. Symons, Skinners, Taylor, C. A. Temple, W. C. Thomson, R. F. Taylor, Douglas Taylor, R. M. Thomson, Wm. Wiman and John Young.

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Two very well attended At Homes were given on Wednesday and Thursday of last week by Mrs. S. G. Wood at Wenvoe Lodge, Pembroke street. The weather being fairly seasonable, the lawn and verandah as well as the house were made use of by the two hundred guests who had accepted Mrs. Wood's invitation. One of the most pleasant features it seems to me of these early autumn gatherings is the opportunity given the friends who have been separated during the summer to exchange interesting notes of the scenes and various experiences of summer travel.

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The island is pretty well deserted—the whirl of the screw and paddle-wheel vex its waters no more, and the shadow of the coming winter has already fallen on those scenes which up to a week or two ago were instinct with life and movement. On Thursday of last week, however, Messrs. Tilley and Harry Gamble brought the series of entertainments which they have given during the summer to a close. A special boat brought the guests to and from the Island. The dinner-party was a large one and convivial, in spite of the chilly winds which found their way to the verandahs and made the donning of overcoats and wraps a pleasant necessity.

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Mrs. Langmuir's At Home takes place to-day.

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Mrs. Arthur West left for Ottawa this week, also her brother, Mr. Alfred Patrick.

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A small dance was given at Mrs. Bunting's (Queen's Park) Wednesday evening, which was much enjoyed by the young people. Mrs. Bunting's niece, Miss Ethel Horrocks, who has been staying with her, will return home shortly, as her mother is expected to arrive from England this week.

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Mrs. John Fiskin gave an At Home on Friday to a number of her friends, in her new and handsome residence on Beverley street.

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A wedding is rumored to take place the first Thursday in October, the contracting parties being Mr. Ford and Miss Holland.

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Miss Birdie Harvey, a charming daughter of Mr. Arthur Harvey of Rosedale, was married last Wednesday to Mr. Thompson of Niagara at St. Luke's Church by Rev. John Langtry, assisted by Rev. Dr. Davis. The bride looked well, costumed in a handsome cream satin and train, with brocade trimming to match, tulle veil and wreath, and a large bunch of pure white roses in her hand. The bridesmaids were Miss Thompson, Miss Lulu Thompson, Miss Kingsmill, Miss Harvey and Miss Eva Harvey, and wore white China silk dresses and tulle veils, carrying a bunch of golden rod, which latter, I think, is a pretty idea. The youngest bridesmaid, little Miss Violet Harvey, wore a white muslin dress tucked, and yellow silk socks, corresponding with the flowers she carried. The groomsmen were Messrs. Scratchard, Kingsmill, Harvey and Burrett. Messrs. J. T. Craig and A. J. Arnold acted as ushers. Under the direction of Mr. Plummer the choir boys sang the wedding hymns, the organ playing the march.

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Among the guests I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill, the Misses Kingsmill, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Mrs. H. W. Davis, Mrs. Harvey (mother of the bride), Mrs. and Miss Ince, Mr. and Mrs. John Young, etc. Mrs. Kingsmill's dress was very handsome and most becoming, a pale shade of ruddigore, with a deeper shade of the same color, and a bonnet to match. Mrs. Langtry wore a garment of dark red, covered with black lace. Mrs. Young was dressed with her usual good taste. After the ceremony at the church, the wedding party drove to the residence of the bride's father, where luncheon was partaken of.

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St. George's Church, St. Catharines, was the scene of an exceptionally pretty wedding, on Thursday evening, September 20th, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. George Comberbach Dunstan of the firm of Thomson & Dunstan to Miss Ida Ninon, third daughter of Mr. J. H. Palmer of St. Catharines, Rev. E. M. Bland, rector, officiating. The groom was attended by Mr. Sydney B. Sykes of Toronto. Miss Marguerite Palmer, sister of the bride, and Miss Dora Dunstan, sister of the groom, were bridesmaids. In spite of the fact that the guests comprised only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom, the church was crowded with spectators long before the appointed hour.

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The bride appeared promptly at seven o'clock and, followed by the bridesmaids, was conducted to the altar by her father, where she was joined by the groom. She wore an exquisite gown of ivory duchesse satin, *en train*, embroidered in pearls, with the regulation veil of Brussels net and natural orange blossoms, and carried a massive bouquet of white Nephetos roses. The bridesmaids looked charming in gowns of salmon pink silk, with hats to match, and carried large bouquets of pink roses. Each wore a handsome bracelet, the gift of the groom. During the interval which elapsed between the conclusion of the ceremony and the signing of the register in the vestry the organist very appropriately rendered Annie Laurie, bursting forth into Mendelssohn's Wedding March as they reappeared. As the bride walked down the aisle by her husband's side she presented a picture of graceful loveliness long to be remembered by those who were present.

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After the services at the church a reception was held at the residence of the bride's father, where the usual toasts and congratulatory speeches were indulged in until ten o'clock, when the bride and groom left for Washington, D.C., followed by a shower of old shoes, rice and the good wishes of the guests.

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There is no nicer dancing room in Toronto than is to be found in Osgoode Hall, and many are looking forward to the three or four jolly dances which are yearly given in Convocation Hall.

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Admission cards will shortly be sent out for the organ recital at All Saints' Church on October 11, and I am told that the same is to be something out of the ordinary run of organ recitals.

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Mr. Grant Stewart's dramatic recital and musical sketches really deserved a larger audience than that which assembled at the Granite Rink on Thursday night. However, what it lacked in numbers, was fully atoned for in quality and the heartiness with which the reciter's various numbers were received. Mr. Stuart's voice is a pleasant baritone, not a very powerful one, but one that is under perfect control. I liked the self possessed, easy manner with which he faced his audience, and given a finer night and a more suitable place, I should imagine Mr. Stuart will have little to complain of in the number of his audience. Amongst those present on Wednesday night I was particularly struck with the number of prominent members of the Toronto Cricket Club, amongst whom were Messrs. A. G. Brown, William Creelman, D. W. Saunders, F. S. Dickey, Mossom Boyd, Owen Ritchie and A. G. Thompson.

Personal.

Miss Brady of Philadelphia is visiting Mrs. Trent of 141 Bathurst street.

Mr. Alfred Patrick, C. M. G., is away duck shooting on the St. Clair flats.

Mr. Napier Robinson of Belleville was in town last week.

Mrs. A. R. Boswell is spending a few weeks at Cobourg but is expected home shortly.

Mr. C. N. Shanly has returned from a visit to Mrs. Stephen Heward at Edenswold.

Mr. Gamble Geddes spent last Sunday with Mr. T. C. Patteson at Eastwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Burns are expected home from the east next week.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie of the Imperial Bank has returned from his holiday trip to the Northwest.

Mrs. Hugh Lumsden is on a few weeks' visit to her mother, Mrs. J. W. Whitney of Wellesley crescent.

Miss Annie Howden, our popular little singer, has left Toronto after spending part of the summer here.

Miss Maud Birchall, who has been away for the last two months, is expected back about the end of next week.

Mr. Clark Gamble is renting Mrs. Boulton's house, near St. Luke's church, during the absence of the latter.

Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope is paying a short round of visits amongst her numerous friends in town.

Miss Birchall of St. Catharines has returned home, after spending a week with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Shivers Birchall.

Miss and Miss Dace Green of Cobourg were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robertson of Eglinton during Exhibition week.

For some doubtless good reason the students of Trinity Medical School will not give any conversazione this year.

Mr. L. K. Vankoughnet, Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, was in town last Wednesday.

Mr. W. K. Pearce of the Dominion Bank returned home on Monday from a two weeks' vacation up the Lakes and in Strathroy.

The Misses Howland are visiting friends at Duncan City, Michigan. They will join their parents next month at the Queen's Hotel.

Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, well known in Toronto as a cornet soloist of superior merit, has gone to Boston to take part in a grand concert to be held there.

Mr. Geo. Michie is visiting his birthplace near Balmoral, Scotland, where he has been staying during the past two months. He expects to be in Toronto towards the end of October.

Miss Grace Boulton and Mr. Christopher Boulton have returned from Muskoka, where, at Governor's Island, Lake Joseph and elsewhere, they have been making a long stay.

The new organ of the Sherbourne street Methodist Church is to be formally opened on Thursday next by Mr. Fred Archer, assisted by a choir under the direction of Mr. F. Warrington.

Mr. John Small, member for East Toronto, gives a glowing account of Banff and other points in the Northwest. A marked advance has obtained up there since his trip two years ago.

Miss Georgie Watson of Paris and Miss Jennie Montgomery of Brantford, who have been visiting Mrs. MacHardie of Howard street, returned home last week having enjoyed their visit thoroughly.

Mr. Charles Fleming, business manager of the Rosina Vokes Co., and brother of George and Mayberry Fleming of the New York *Mail and Express*, is in Toronto, where his annual visits are a special pleasure to the newspaper "fellers."

The Misses Constance and Lizzie Boulton left for England last Wednesday and sail by the White Star line from New York to day (Saturday) to join their mother, Mrs. Henry John Boulton, who is spending a couple of years with friends across the ocean.

Miss J. Taylor, whose body was found in Phœnix Park, Dublin, last week was well known in Western Ontario. The theory of suicide is rejected by all who knew her, and a darker crime than self-murder is more than hinted at.

On Thursday next the home of ex-Alderman John Taylor will be *en fete* on the occasion of his son's attaining his majority. Mr. Maurice J. Taylor is associated with his father in business, and has already given signs of an extraordinary capacity for the work in which he is engaged.

Mr. Hugh J. O'Neill, who formerly lived in Toronto but now of Chicago, has been in town during the week. But not alone as on previous occasions, for this genial representative of the Grand Trunk Railway in Chicago has very recently joined the noble army of Benedicts. Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill leave for the States next Monday with the sincere good wishes of many old friends in Toronto.

The death of Mrs. M. A. Trotter at Chicago this week closes the earthly career of one well known in Toronto and Ottawa. It was on the doorstep of Mrs. Trotter's house in Ottawa that D'Arcy McGee fell by the hand of an assassin some twenty years ago. Later on, as the proprietress of the Marlborough House here, Mrs. Trotter was known as a highly intelligent and keen-witted business woman.

The residence of Mr. R. Platts, 477 Sherbourne street, last Wednesday morning was the scene of the wedding of Miss Lillie Platts and Mr. John B. Tinning in the presence of a large number of invited friends and relatives. The Rev. Dr. Thomas, assisted by Dr. Dewart officiated. The wedding breakfast was a most re-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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Ladies' "	4 "	p.m.
" "	4 "	"
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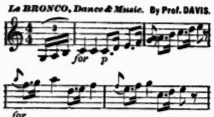

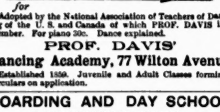

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R. TRUAX, 56 ADELAIDE ST. WEST

FIRST HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

Gerard Comber's Secret.

CHAPTER I.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

"Will he live through the night?"

"He may; but he's sinking rapidly."

"Is the fever so high then?"

"No; the fever has left him some time. He will die of weakness. His constitution was never strong, and the attack was unusually virulent. How are you feeling yourself? You look pale."

"Oh, there's no fear for me. I had the disease 5 or 7 years ago, and am not in the least nervous. Poor Harold! He was to have been married next month."

"You must be very careful," said the doctor, as he prepared to leave. "I daresay you're safe enough; but it would be unwise to expose yourself unnecessarily. Do you know whether poor Ewart's affairs are all in order?"

"I—I really don't know," said Gerard, wearily. "He was trying to write something the other day. It might have been his will or something; but I don't think he has very much to leave."

"Were those the papers he has by his bedside now?" asked the doctor. "I noticed a few pencil marks on them."

Gerard nodded. "Just a few feeble scratches," he said: "and he's scarcely uttered a word since then, except in delirium."

"Well, well," said the doctor, putting on his hat, "I can't do any more for him. The nurse knows how to act. I'm very sorry; he was a good fellow. Good night, and let me recommend you to go to bed at once."

The doctor left just as the clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven. Gerard, pale and wretched, continued to sit in silent dejection by the side of the fire, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the embers, which, long neglected, seemed to be dying in sympathy with the poor lad in the next room. How still everything was—so still that Gerard ever fancied he could hear the smothered, stertorous breathing with issued from the death-bed of his friend. Then a twig, swaying in the wind, tapped stealthily at the window pane outside. He shivered, partly from cold, partly from a certain vague horror; for a moment he scarcely dared look round. It seemed as though there must be something behind him—something terrifying but invisible. Then he suddenly jumped up, and, as he mentally put it, shook himself together. It would never do, he thought, for him to become a prey to nervousness; so he began to turn over some of the books upon the mantelpiece, intending to while away the next hour or so by reading. In so doing he came, to his utter astonishment, upon an unopened letter, which by some chance or other had got hidden away under a volume of the Oxford House Papers.

"A letter!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "That stupid girl never told me there was a letter; she must have left it on the mantelpiece here, and put a pile of the books over it to keep it from flying away." Lodging-house servants, it is true, are not generally the wisest of their sex.

The diversion, however, was a happy one, for it completely cured him of his nervous fit. He saw at a glance that the letter was from an old bachelor uncle, with whom he had kept up a regular correspondence ever since he was a boy at Rugby, and whose fortune he had every reason to think he would inherit. So, pleased at the unexpected incident, though not particularly curious to know what his uncle had to say, Gerard Comber resumed his seat, threw a little coal upon the dying fire, and with much calmness broke the seal of the envelope.

In less than five minutes Gerard had forgotten everything—his attack of the horrors; even his dying friend. A complete and most horrid change had come over the fair vision of his future life. He dropped the letter in dismay, and, rising once more to his feet, he paced the room in an agony of indignation, disappointment, and rage. Was it possible? Was it all an odious nightmare, from which he would wake up in a few seconds? He took up the letter again and read it, with burning, aching eyes, once more straight through. It was real—detestably, miserably real. He was no longer even a possible heir to a fine fortune. His uncle, at the age of sixty-seven, was going to be married to his housekeeper.

"My Dear Gerard"—ran the letter—"I have an announcement to make to you which will come rather as a surprise, and I fear not altogether a very pleasant one. It has been represented to me that it is scarcely fair to the social position of an estimable and deserving woman that I should permit her still to live under my roof in the capacity of housekeeper, I myself being an unmarried man. I have therefore decided to marry Miss Jemima Morris. In doing so, however, I am not unmindful of your claims, and though the bulk of my fortune will of course go to my widow and children, should I be blessed with any, you may rest satisfied that I shall make some provision, if possible, for you in my will. Your affectionate uncle, Samuel Glover."

"P.S.—May I hope that you will be magnanimous, and congratulate me?"

It was on this postscript that Gerard's eyes were now fixed. Congratulate him! It was not in human nature to do so. It was scarcely in human nature to expect him to do so. And yet—

What was it that caused Gerard's face to change so suddenly? A hot flush mounted to his brow; then fled, leaving him whiter than before. He stopped in his hurried walk, and grasped the back of a chair to support himself. Then he clenched his teeth, and his lips curled into a smile which was far more frightful to see than the most sullen scowl.

"I will congratulate him!" whispered the youth, and his whisper sounded like a hiss. "He shall not complain, at any rate, that I have treated him with discourtesy. He asks for my congratulations, and he shall have them—the best I can compose."

With white, stern face, compressed lips, and gleaming eyes, Gerard Comber left the room to procure the necessary writing materials. Then he sat down, and wrote a beautifully worded letter of congratulation to his uncle—a letter which reflected the highest credit upon the disinterestedness and nobility of the writer. But he trembled violently while doing it, and his hand shook grievously as he sealed and directed the envelope. His forehead was wet with perspiration, in spite of the coldness of the room; the effort had been almost too great for him, and, his task accomplished, he bowed his face upon his crossed arms, and sank into a long, deep reverie.

At last a very strange and very terrible sensation began to steal over him. It seemed as though he were no longer by himself—as though some awful presence were near to him, suffocating and paralysing him with its dread influence. With a spasmodic effort he suddenly threw up his head and opened his eyes. It was true! Before him stood a silent figure, clad in dark robes, and gazing mournfully straight at him.

"It is all over!" said a voice. Then Gerard, recovering from his panic, knew that the woman before him was his friend's sick nurse, and that Harold Ewart was no more.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE SAM.

Mr. Samuel Glover was a hard-headed, fresh-colored, healthy old gentleman, who, some seven years before, had retired from the China tea trade with a fortune of fifty thousand pounds. He lived in a pleasant villa at Dulwich, and now that he was free from the turmoil and excitement of Mincing Lane, found his chief enjoyment in what Bacon calls the purest of human pleasures—the cultivation of his garden. But every now and then he caught himself half regretting the old busy life. Gardening was pleasant enough, but it was not exciting, and the cultivation of peonies and primulas scarcely compensated him for the loss of market reports, prices current and telegrams from Foochow and Shanghai. It never occurred to him that his comfortable quietude which took the edge off his enjoyment might be the result of loneliness, or that his loneliness might have been obviated had he been blessed with a wife and family. When, therefore, some good-natured friends suggested to him that he really might do worse than marry the good-looking housekeeper of two-and-thirty who presided over his establishment, he was first startled, then contemplative and finally serious. The idea was an amusing one, that he proposed in form to Miss Jemima Morris, and was at once accepted.

"You've met my nephew Gerard, I think, my dear?" said Mr. Glover, as he sat one morning at breakfast with Miss Morris in a pleasant room opening upon a conservatory.

"Once only—some years ago, replied the lady. "Is he quite well?"

"He doesn't say," returned the old gentleman, stirring his coffee. "He writes in cheerful tone on a certain happy event!" said Mr. Glover, with a humorous twinkle, at which, of course, Miss Morris blushed becomingly. "And very handsomely he does it, I must say. You know, my dear, that when a man of my age marries—for the first time, too—very often happens that his nieces and nieces don't like it. And I confess that I felt a bit nervous about Gerard. But he's a trump—a real trump, and he says he'll come to stay with us when we come back from Ventnor. Now Ventnor was the place selected by the bride-elect for her wedding journey.

"Did you hear from him this morning?" asked Miss Morris. "I didn't hear the postman."

"No, my dear," replied Mr. Glover. "There were no letters this morning. I heard from him last Friday. I should have mentioned it before had not other and more pressing matters put it out of my head."

Here ensued a pause, during which Mr. Glover drank half his coffee, setting down his cup unfinished. Then he turned his plate of broiled bacon, and swallowed a mouthful or two; but eventually, and considerably to his own surprise, laid down his knife and fork, and fidgeted with his bread.

"Are you ready for another cup?" inquired Miss Morris, persuasively.

"Not any more to-day, my dear," replied the old gentleman. "I don't think I'm particularly hungry, either."

"Why, you've eaten nothing!" exclaimed the lady. "I hope you're not going to lose your appetite."

"I don't suppose so," said Mr. Glover, with a slight smile. "But I am feeling rather thirsty. Is there any water in that decanter?"

"Surely a little hot coffee would be better for you," answered Miss Morris. "Let me send you just half a cup; it's very good this morning."

"No; no coffee," replied Mr. Glover, with a suspicion of irritability in his voice. "It makes me feel sick, and I can't get through what I have already. Don't you find it very warm today?"

"Warm!" repeated Miss Morris, in astonishment. "Why, it's freezing hard! Are you sure that you feel quite well? You are looking rather flushed."

"I believe I'll take a turn in the garden," said Mr. Glover, abruptly, ignoring the last shook, and he appeared to be somewhat nervous. "My head aches a little, and I have no doubt the fresh air will do it good."

Now Miss Morris was a sensible little woman, and was fully aware that in marrying a man thirty-five years her senior she would probably not soon find herself in the position of nurse to an aged husband. At the same time Mr. Glover was generally well and strong, and had hitherto, as he said, shown no signs of ailing, and she determined that it was both her interest and her duty to keep him in good spirits as well as good health. Accordingly, he said, therefore, that he thought he would like a turn in the garden, she ran upstairs, wrapped herself up warmly, and prepared to accompany him on his walk. It was a fine, bright morning, clear and frosty, and as the old gentleman passed out at the garden door he drew a long breath of relief.

"That's better!" he exclaimed. "I shall be all right directly. I'm not given to being out of sorts in the morning."

"A touch of indigestion, I daresay," said Miss Morris, cheerfully. "How bright everything looks, to be sure! We shall be having the crocuses out before we've a month older."

"No doubt, my dear, no doubt," replied the bridegroom-elect. "And by that time I hope to be something else will have happened of more importance even than the appearance of crocuses. Ah, my dear, I often think how good it is of you to bind yourself for life to an old fellow like me."

"Pray don't talk like that, dear Mr. Glover," said the lady, in rather an embarrassed tone. "I congratulate you on being young, and I am sure no younger man could be kinder to me than you have always been."

"Well, well, let us hope it will be for the best as regards both of us," remarked Mr. Glover. "And I trust, for your sake more than for my own, that my health will continue as good as it has been all along."

"I'm sure it will! Why shouldn't it?" returned Miss Morris, glancing up at him. Something in his tone struck her curiously; it was not like him to talk about his health. "Are you certain you feel quite strong this morning?"

"No, my dear; that is—I have a slight headache, I think," he replied, with an effort.

They went in, and she installed Mr. Glover comfortably upon the study sofa. He looked strange, and in spite of herself she felt ill at ease. Then, knitting in hand, she sat down near him, and occupied herself with a smart new chair-back for the drawing-room, watching him closely the while. Occasionally she made a trifling observation in her cheerful tone, but found it impossible to keep up a conversation. Mr. Glover's replies became few and short, and at last she was startled to see him sink into an unnatural and feverish doze.

Without an instant's hesitation she left the room and went up into her bedroom, where the housemaid was making her bed.

"Sarah," she said, quietly, handing the girl a card, "put on your bonnet and go at once to Dr. Ray. Tell him your master is unwell this morning, and say I beg him to come round to see him as soon as ever he can."

She first saw the girl off, bearing the card with her full name and address, and went down to the study again. No sooner did her eyes fall on the old man than she felt thankful she had sent for the doctor. His face was flushed, his breathing uneasy, and he looked like a man in the first stage of a bad fever. She would have been more than human had she not experienced feelings of the most conflicting nature. She felt now, for the first time, seriously alarmed—alarmed for the old man himself—and well she confess it—uneasy about her own prospects. She was, however, a good woman, and it is not to her discredit that she was anxious not to lose either the position or the fortune that would come to her by marrying the rich, retired merchant, Samuel Glover.

The doctor had already gone out, and it was not till two o'clock that he arrived at Cedar House. Miss Morris rose hastily to receive him.

"Well," he said, with a cheery smile, "what is it? Not the first attack of gout, I hope?"

Miss Morris warned him with a glance, and then indicated the sofa in the corner, where Mr. Glover was lying, well protected from the light. Dr. Ray pulled the window curtain aside, sat down by the patient, felt his pulse, and became grave at once.

"How long has he been like this?" he asked, turning sharply to Miss Morris.

She told him, circumstantially, everything that had occurred that morning.

"You must get him to bed at once," ordered Dr. Ray. "He's in a high fever. What has he been doing with himself?"

"Nothing whatever," replied Miss Morris, looking very pale. "He was perfectly well when he came down this morning."

"Pains are all right?" asked the doctor, suspiciously.

"We've never been troubled with them in any way," said Miss Morris. "There's no reason to suppose they're out of order that I ever heard of."

"Well, something must be wrong," said the doctor. "However, the mischief's done now. Call in the gardener, and we'll carry him upstairs. I'm afraid there's a grave trouble ahead."

Poor Miss Morris turned to the unconscious figure on the sofa and burst into tears. "What is the matter with him, Dr. Ray?" she asked, sobbing.

"Impossible to say at present," returned the doctor. "I shall be able to tell better this evening, no doubt. But I'm afraid he's going to be very ill, and you'll have to do your very utmost if we're to pull him through."

Two days afterwards a telegram was sent to Gerard Comber, informing him of the serious illness of his uncle, and urging his immediate presence at Cedar House. To this no reply was received. Gerard had gone down to Sherborne St. John, where his friend Ewart's family lived, to attend poor Harold's funeral in the family vault; and he had left no address with his landlady. Besides which, his nerves were so shaken by all he had gone through that, after the obsequies were over, he found himself quite unable to return to the scene of his friend's death, and he decided to give himself a thorough change before resuming work. He accordingly got up early one morning, drove to Basingstoke, and took a ticket for the Isle of Wight, hoping to find in the fresh sea breezes and lovely scenery a balm for the sorrows and agitation he had undergone. Nor could he have taken a wiser step. Once, at Ventnor, he told himself that he was a new man. The mildness of the air, the glorious south-westers, the thundering seas, and the beauty of the neighborhood—Bonchurch, St. Lawrence, and the swelling, breezy downs—acted like a charm upon the young fellow. He drank in the salt sea wind in great draughts, and in the exhilaration it produced he forgot all about the horrors of that awful night when Harold Ewart died. He wandered about the beautiful Landslip, and read Keats and Shelley as he sat on some rocky boulder in the depths of its umbrageous glades. He very nearly forgot, for the time being, his disappointment respecting his uncle's marriage; or if ever he did, experience an ugly twinge, it speedily passed away.

He had been at Ventnor for a fortnight, and was beginning to think it was time to return to his work. For two full weeks he had received no letters—seeing that he had not left his address with anybody—no doubt any more but that which reached him through the daily papers. The telegram informing him of his uncle's illness was still awaiting his return; so that the first intimation he received of it was on the morning before he intended to leave Ventnor to go back to his work in London. He was on the Esplanade, and, as his custom was, had just bought a paper of a passing newsboy. Then he suddenly read this:

"On the 17th inst, at Cedar House, Dulwich, Samuel Glover, Esq., formerly of Mincing Lane, aged 67 years.

(To be Continued.)

Hopeful Bill Gavin.

He were a born hoper—were Bill. Hoping were Bill's best clutch. Bill'd hope of he had n't es much es a shadder to lay hold of. He were soaked in hope, end ot come out all over him. It were allers springin' up in him eternal and rampagin' through his system mighty reckless. He were the sanguinest feller I ever seen.

The time the Tech-Me-Not powder mill blew up Bill were coming down the road through the sky like a lark, along with an iron door and a chimbley stack.

Nobody ever expected to see Bill agin all taken together and collectively, es you might say. But folks got left. When the outsiders went around ter pick up the splinters en things, and get the proprietors an' man's in some sort o' shape fer the funerals, they found Bill mixed up with a stone pile and a right smart shook up.

The heft of Bill's bones was broke once er twice, and the rest of him damaged quite a considerable. But there he were, with a corner stone on his chest, and a piston-rod for a toothpick, hopin' away like mad that the works wa'n't much damaged, es he liked his job and didn't wanter lay off.

Then the doctors looked Bill over, and picked out all es were worth saving, an' after a while, what was left of Bill got well. An' Bill he had a sarcophagus made for hisself; that is, thet part of hisself es was too much damaged to keep, an' he got lots of comfort out of it. Oh, Bill were a hopeful critter, an' yer kin bet yer life he were a good feller. Bill were mighty hopeful when yer asked him how he felt, an' he would allers say, "Middlin' fair, stranger, middlin' fair, thank yer kindly, sir, I'm a-improvin' mighty fast, thank yer kindly, sir." Bill were a sarcastic critter, too, and he would allers say, when yer asked him how he felt, "Pretty middling, thank yer, pretty middling, jest es yer see me, thank yer kindly, sir." Bill were a mighty

Swindling by Telephone.

An American detective who is at present in the hope of getting on the track of a notorious bank robber, informs the writer of an impudent swindle in which the telephone was daringly and successfully employed.

"It is a well-known fact that no other section of the population avail themselves more readily and speedily of the latest triumphs of science than the criminal class," said the detective. "The well-informed criminal," he continued, "skims the cream from every new invention, if he can make use of it. No iron safe has yet been constructed that keeps out the shrewd and determined burglar, and that's the way in everything. But I don't think a case in which this truth was more thoroughly demonstrated than the Maxwell case."

"What case was that?" I asked.

"It was at the time when the telephone had just been introduced into business and private use. George Maxwell was at that time one of the most successful speculators on the Board of Trade at Chicago, and was currently reported to have tipped the scale which marked a million of dollars. He was a young and handsome man, and had just married a lady of remarkable beauty. It was a decided love match. A score or so of messages were despatched every day during business hours. They contained such important queries as: '2.10 p.m. How are you now, darling?' And replies like this: '2.35 p.m. I sigh for you. How is my sweetest?' Well, to save outlay and to increase the facility of communication, Mr. Maxwell connected his office with his home in Ashland avenue, two miles off, by a private telephone wire. He was one of the first men in Chicago to do so. About two out of six business hours were now spent by him at the instrument.

"One day, just before the close of business, there was a ring at the telephone. The devoted husband, with a leap, was there. 'What does my darling wish?' he murmured.

"'I'm no darling. You mistake me, sir!' came the reply, in a masculine voice, a voice rough and rasping, but very distinct.

"'Who are you, then?' asked the astonished millionaire.

"'I'm Thomas Jefferson Odell, the accomplished burglar, if you want to know!'

"'Repeat, please,' gasped the other.

"'Odell, the burglar,' came the answer. 'But, now listen, I cannot waste time. I and two of my gang have gained access to your house. The cook, the chambermaid, and your wife are lying here bound and gagged. The black coachman has been disposed of. Some bundles of rags soaked in petroleum have been judiciously distributed about the house ready to be ignited.'

"'You scoundrel!' shouted the agonized husband, in an excess of emotion.

"'Don't excite yourself. Now, sir, here is my proposal. If you disappear from the telephone without acceding to it, I shall set fire to the house. It's no use applying to the police, for we'll be too quick for them. You will see, Mr. Maxwell, that you are utterly in my power. The only sensible thing you can do is to listen to my proposal, and to agree to it.'

"'Oh, I wish I had my hand at your throat, you villain!' shouted the millionaire, shaking with rage.

"'But you know you haven't, so what's the use of your talking that way! Let us talk business instead. I need a loan of $10,000 cash. I need it at once. If you are inclined to lend me that same without guarantee I shall leave your house with my men in exactly the same condition in which I found it.'

'You are ruining me,' groaned Maxwell. 'And I don't think I have that much money in cash in the office safe.'

"'You'll force me to commit an atrocious deed,' came the remorseless reply.

"'All right then—yes, I'll pay, but to whom?'

"'It is now 5.15 exactly. At this very moment my confederate has entered your office to receive the money. You will pay him, and he will tell you the watch-word agreed to between us, which you will telephone to me at once.'

"Mr. Maxwell turned around. A stranger of pleasant mien, dressed in the height of fashion, waited before him. 'Sah! I'm a visitor: I have called to collect a little matter of $10,000 for a friend of mine, Thomas Jefferson Odell.'

"'I understand,' replied Mr. Maxwell, who went to the safe, took from it two packets containing $10,000, and handed the money to the stranger. The latter ascertained that the amount was correct, and placed it inside his breast pockets.

"'And the watchword?' demanded Mr. Maxwell.

"'Do right and interfere not!' replied the burglar's confederate, with an assumption of dignity, and strode out of the office with all the grandeur of a Spanish hidalgo.

"'Do right and interfere not!' joyfully shouted Mr. Maxwell through the telephone. 'And now you'll leave my premises, Mr. Odell, won't you? And as for my wife—'

"'Have no fear, Mr. Maxwell,' replied the man at the other end, 'you have to deal with a burglar and a gentleman.'

"Mr. Maxwell locked his office, entered his carriage, and galloped to his residence. The more closely he approached, the keener his fear of a catastrophe became. But as he stopped at the gate he noticed nothing out of the way. He sprang up the stairs, and entered the pretty boudoir of his prettier wife. She was quietly reading.

"'How you must have suffered, my angel!' he cried, and a sob shook his face.

"The young wife looked up, astonished. 'Suffered! If'

"'That burglar, you know—it must have been awful. Oh, you poor darling!'

"'Why, George, dear, what is the matter? You speak in riddles.'

"'But didn't he gag you?' he asked.

"'Now, my dearest George, I wish you would talk sense. What do you mean?'

"After Mr. Maxwell had finished the recital of his adventure he asked:

"'Wasn't there somebody here using my telephone?'

"'Why, yes, there was,' replied Mrs. Maxwell. 'A young and well-dressed man came in, introduced himself to me as Mr. Thomas Jefferson Odell, a speculator, and business friend of yours, and requested permission to make use of your private telephone to send you a most important message on business. Of course, I gave him permission. He used the telephone but a short time, and then came back into the drawing-room, thanked me for the favor I had done him, and went away, saying the telephone was a most useful and admirable invention—it facilitated business so much.'

"'And that was all?' queried Mr. Maxwell; 'he didn't gag you and the servants? He was alone, and did not offer violence to you?'

"'Not at all. He was most polite and gentlemanly—quite as much as you are at this moment, George.'

"'Great Scott!' exclaimed Maxwell, with a wild outcurst, 'how gigantically I've been sold. Excuse me, dear, but I can't help it. I'll drive over, and interview the police.'

"And that's what he did," concluded the detective, "and that's the way I came in possession of the facts. But after talking the matter over, and consulting with the smartest detectives in my service, we arrived at the conclusion that there was little chance of recovering the money. The pair were too astute. In spite of all our efforts since we've heard nothing more of the $10,000, nor of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Odell and his confederate.

Would Throw That In.

"My friend," said a tight-fisted banker to a young man who had pulled him out of the water, "I appreciate the fact that you have saved my life, and I am prepared to reward you—to reward you liberally for your services. What can I do for you?"

"Well, sir, there was a suit of clothes spoilt," said the rescuer, who was good-natured though not educated; "that would be about seventeen dollars. Then I lost my hat; that would be fifty cents. Then I took considerable liquor to keep off a cold, which cost me a quarter. I don't think of anything else, sir."

"But you do not mention the fact that you have saved my life. What can I do for you on that score?"

"Oh, well, call the whole thing eighteen dollars an' I'll throw the life saving in free."

From the Seaside.

On his return from the sea the minister asked Tommy how he liked bathing.

Tommy replied—It's just horrid, you've got to wade into ice water up to your knees, then some old woman grabs onto you; a big wave comes and knocks you both down, and you just get up again in time for the next wave, and down you go again till you're nearly dead.

Little Innocents.

Old Lady (seeing two children playing together)—Isn't it nice to see two dear little girls playing so happily together! (She approaches them.)

First Child—Pig! pig! pig, etc.
Second Child—Crasy! crazy! crazy, etc.

Oh, Horror!

Child—Grandmamma, please tell me a nice story.

Grandmamma—What shall it be, dear—Red Ridinghood, Puss in Boots or what?

Child—No, nothing like that.

Grandmamma—What then, darling?

Child—Read me about the Whitechapel murders!

A Drummer's Experience.

Ike Goldsticker, a New York drummer, recently made his first trip to Texas. He had read and heard a great deal about the wild western appearance and methods of Texans, hence he was much surprised, not to say disgusted, when he failed to perceive any dangerous looking cowboys. The people dressed and acted pretty much the same as they did in the North.

Ike spent his second night in Texas at a place called Hawkins. When he came down in the morning he proceeded to refresh himself with an appetizer at the bar, but before doing so he remarked in a jocular mood to the barkeeper:

"How much humpug dere vas in dose babers about Texas. I don't perceive der vas any cowboys mit long hairs and spurs. I perceive I could vip all der cowboys der vas dot Texas in."

There were several persons in the room. One was hid to some extent behind a newspaper he was reading, but he put aside the paper, and slowly rose to his full length, about six feet three. He looked as if he had just stepped out of Buffalo Bill's show. Ike Goldsticker recoiled in horror.

"Stranger," said the cowboy solemnly, "say that over again, and say it slow."

"I—I—didn't—say noddings."

"Do you call Jim McSnifter, the cavortin' cataclasm of the Calaveras Canyon, a liar?" drawled the Texan, reaching back under his coat.

"No, it was me dot vas a liar."

"You were askin' for me, I believe."

"No, I don't want noboddies."

"You wanted a cowboy with ha'r. I've got the ha'r. I ain't much on the fight, but I'll give you the best I've got."

"I don't want to fight."

"You can't get the drop on me that 'er way. I've got my eye on you. I don't claim ter be a fire-eatin' wizzard from the sulphur coated prairies; I don't pick no men out from between my teeth after I've lunched. Jim McSnifter ain't no prong-horned critter, but I'm a gentleman, and I ain't gwine ter allow no bow legged son of Abraham to come down here and chase me out this barroom and run me inter the woods without my having something to say. Draw your weepin."

"I've got no weepins," replied Ike, whose legs were vibrating painfully.

"Don't try that racket on me. You can't get the drop on me."

"I don't want no drop. I yoost had a drop at dis par already."

"You asked for me. You said you wanted to see a long-haired cowboy, and I've got the ha'r."

"I know dot, but vat I vanted vas a gentleman to join me in a drink."

"Well, I don't care if I do. I thought you was on the fight. No sugar in mine, barkeep. Here's to you, stranger, and if you get into any difficulty while you are in this town a lemme know it, and I'll see you through it if it takes a leg. Well, here's hopin'."

On the Balcony.

(Ada radiant in a new hat. Bella dazzling in a new hat. Their little hearts are full of loathing.)

Junk Dealer (passing)—Laties, any old cloze? I pavsh highest brices! I puys for scarecrow.

Ada—Scarecrow? Bella, sell him your bonnet.

Bella (quickly)—It would only scare the crows. Sell him yours to kill them.

Its Leaving Time.

Patient Old Lady (to elevator boy reading dime novel)—How often does the elevator go up, boy?

Elevator Boy—It goes up at the end of every chapter, ma'am.

Before and After.

Young Wife—Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence.

Young Husband—I know it, my dear, and you never wore curl papers in mine.

The Second Course.

Fiend (at free lunch counter)—I would like to have another plate of soup, please.

Attendant (ladling out another plate)—(Recovering himself.) Hi, Bouncer! treat this gent to an 'oister through the side door. He don't seem to understand anythink about table hetiquette.

Where She Was.

Husband—Robinson Crusoe was eighteen years on his island. I wonder where Mrs. Crusoe was?

Wife—In London—free!

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What the dressmaker said—Thank goodness, that's done! She's awful to fit.

What the younger sister said—Addy thinks she is going to get off now that she's got that gown.

What the bosom friend said—How very *passe* that color makes dear Adelaide look! So trying, you know.

What the housemaid said—I shall take the pattern of that 'ere dress when she's out of the way.

What papa said—Another bill for fallals? Shan't pay it! When I was a young man, girls were taught to be sensible, etc., etc.

The Last Man Who Ought To Complain.

Bald-headed Man—Here, waiter, this is an infernal outrage. Here is a hair swimming around in the soup.

Waiter—Well, don't make such a fuss about a trifle. Hair is what you need most, ain't it?—*Texas Siftings.*

Asking Too Much of Him.

A curious effect which the constant repetition of one part has upon an actor is that, after playing it for a great length of time, he is apt to forget his lines and take up wrong cues. A story is told of a performer, who, after playing one part for a very long time, forgot his lines one night.

"It's very strange," said the stage manager, when the actor came off, "that you are not perfect in that part by this time."

"Well," said the actor, "do you expect me to remember it for ever?"

The Prohibition Sentiment.

Eph (returning flask to its owner)—Dat's good, boss; mucher 'bliged.

Tom Fisher—Don't mention it!

Eph—Oh, I won't say nuffin!—*Puck.*

What She Wanted.

"Pa, do you know that this is my eighteenth birthday?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Pa, I want you to do me a great favor on my birthday," and the beautiful girl buried her glowing face on the paternal bosom.

"And what is the favor my little girl wants?"

"Pa, you have influence with the city council, haven't you?"

"Well, yes, my dear."

"Then have them move that gas-lamp away from right in front of our gate."

Thus it was that the fond father discovered that a daughter isn't a little girl always. She had a beau.

At the Sanitarium.

Smith—How are you getting on, do you need the massage doctor now?

Johnson—Oh, quite the contrary, he kneads me.

An Evening Call.

He—Shall I sing one more song, Miss Gray, before I go? She—I should be delighted, Mr. Brown—er—if you think you have time.

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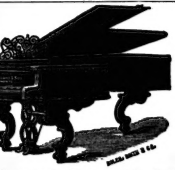

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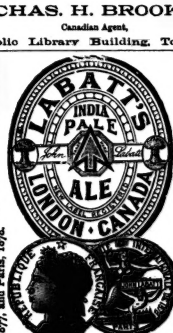

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Woman's Love.

What masculine understanding can flatter itself that it has successfully gauged the feminine heart? All women are to be won, if you only go about your business in the proper way. But "the proper way," in the sense alluded to, is the one thing in which most people of the gender that is masculine are eternally in need of a guide. The citadel of a woman's heart is reached by devious pathways. The Frenchwoman loves the man who is witty and chivalrous, the German the lover who is faithful to her, the Englishwoman sets her cap at the one who is hand and glove with the aristocracy, whilst the dear girls of this continent adore the man—who lets 'em have their own way.

Children's Voices.

Aye! there's a world of music and gladness in the children's voices, and blest is he whose ears are attuned to the sweetnes of such music. No matter how well ordered its surroundings, there is ever a tinge of sadness in "a silent household," a nameless something that is wanting to complete the measure of its happiness.

Gladsome, indeed, are the bonds which bind the household to childhood in that sweetest slavery which the human heart may know. Blest hostages that we offer to fortune, these little ones are the sources of our purest joys, guardian angels in the hour of temptation, and the constant exemplifiers of Him of Nazareth whose word is our surety that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

And when the cark and care of the world has soured us, when disappointment weighs heavily upon our spirits, let us not repulse the sweet advances of these little ones, for we wot not of the hour, which may be nearer than we think, when we shall have nought but sighs for the absent childish faces, and tears for the silent corridor.

Salvationists for India.

We have no desire to impeach the good intentions of the Salvation Army people, but feel constrained to take exception to a statement made the other evening in regard to volunteers for service in India.

Some one stated at the meeting alluded to that "twenty-five dollars would support a salvationist in India, as he or she would live the same as the natives."

With all due deference to the individual in question, it is to be feared that such a statement is calculated to be misleading. A European can *not* live like a native. The latter is able to thrive where the former would starve. A short time ago the *Times* of India, a most reliable paper, published a letter from a most reputable citizen, protesting against the sending out of evangelists unequipped for the work. The correspondent drew a most heart-rending picture of the sufferings and uselessness of such evangelists, and implored the good people on this and the other side of the Atlantic to pause before committing enthusiastic but unprepared converts to the village and town life in India. That twenty-five dollars a year will properly equip a European or an American for one year most people will mildly but firmly refuse to believe.

Wedding Presents.

There are few of us who have not felt some degree of diffidence as to the proper selection of a suitable offering when friends and acquaintances have decided on undertaking the various trials and duties of wedded life.

We shrink from the idea of meanness, although the narrow limit of our purse is constantly before us, the possessor of riches, on the other hand, has to guard against the ostentation of superior wealth, and, to do him justice, ne is generally true to that trust which is reposed in his keeping.

Briefly put, the true idea of the marriage present is, we take it, to assist the young couple in their efforts to furnish the future home. But how we do botch matters in carrying out our laudable intentions, or, rather, it may be asked are our intentions so laudable as they would seem at the first blush? Are not our wedding presents offered most often because we have to offer them? Does not custom exact it from us whether we are willing or no, and so completely are we at the beck and call of custom that we are unable to deny her demands.

We therefore make a virtue of necessity, and there being a host of other invited ones in the same position as ourselves the result is that a natural endeavor to obey the dictates of good taste and common sense strikes numerous unwilling donors in a similar manner, and the blushing young bride is made the recipient of half a dozen similar sets of silver egg-cups and eight-day clocks sufficient to keep the whole parish going.

To such a pitch has the wedding present craze gone that scores and scores of invitations are sent out for no other reason than to squeeze something out of the invited one. There is no genuineness in a gift thus offered. Such is only a bone snatched by tyrant Custom from Invertebral Unwillingness.

A Chapter on Humbugs.

Some men love their wives, some money; some love wine, some good dinners; but, unitedly, all love humbugs. All deny it, of course; nevertheless, from childhood to manhood and old age, the human family goes out after humbugs as a daily food.

We humbug our stomachs until they cry out in patent nostrums, in balsams and pectorals; we erect monuments in the marble fronts for the inventors, whose bottles are all marked "certain cure."

We drink our wine (adulterated often) and hallo with gout; we drink native whisky until our livers are like the fat of a Southdown sheep; we guzzle beer until the stomach is distended like a balloon, and threaten to occupy the entire space, and would, if it were not for the bulge at the waistcoat. And while we do all these things, we humbug ourselves that it is seeing life, having fun and a grand, good time.

We look out upon men and read their history, read it in their shattered fortunes and blasted hopes, and humbug ourselves with the delusion that we, being stronger, can wear their mantles and tread in their footsteps, marching to glorious success. But do we do it?

We declaim against gambling and kindred vices, and humbug ourselves that our duty to society is ended; we go on 'Change and put up our margins on stock for to-morrow, or bet on God's sunshine and dew-drops and rain for the thirsty earth next spring. We give liberally to works of benevolence, attend church (possibly) on Sunday, and humbug ourselves that such acts are a kind of holy priesthood, absolving us from responsibility for the rest of the week as we take advantage of our fellows in sharp trades, and make oppressive demands upon those in our power.

The young man sowing his wild oats, and the old man reaping his are alike humbugged in the value of their crop. But they love to reap and they love to sow, and I suppose it will continue thus until the ideal man shall arrive upon the earth.

We might hope with reason that some of the many humbugs and the love thereof would give way in this grand era of progress; but the mechanism of man seems to lack a balance wheel. He has achieved wonders in the arts, in sciences and philosophy, and made long strides toward a higher civilization; and yet, when he comes down to ruling himself and his fellows his head seems to fail.

We should be glad to introduce woman, the created helpmeet of man, to aid in this deliverance from humbuggery, but we find her as hopelessly enthralled as her Adamic companion. There are multitudes of good women, as there are of good men—but we are treating of the great masses that move in society, and we find her cultivating white hands and wearing inflated bustles, trailing silk and velvet upon the public highway; wearing shoes of bronchitis uppers and consumption soles, all most plainly indicating that a woman, too, loves humbugs, and cannot be relied upon as a steady reformer.

While she accepts the thraldom of fashion, and worships at the altars modern society has erected, grand results need not be expected of her. With such an ancestry we will continue to raise fair-handed girls, ornaments for the parlor simply, and weak-headed, dudish young men, fit only to wear high collars, carry big canes and stare from the steps of our principal hotels.

Amid all the shams there is a large reality in the world, which can be summed up in the words duty, pleasure, happiness. As we reap the golden grain others have sown, we should also sow, that the generation following may reap in plenty.

In conclusion I will say, the man who does not learn how to live until he is ready to die has sadly humbugged himself.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Rev. O. P. Ford

DIOCESE OF TORONTO.
Died June 20th, 1888.

For Saturday Night.

A holy soul has passed from earth away
And entered God's fair Paradise of light,
Where patient Faith is lost in clearest sight.
And never-ending is the blessed day.

The pure in heart are there, who homage pay
To God their Lord and King, whose only might
Enabled them to conquer in the fight
Of fearful field 'twixt foot and grave which lay.

O, Christ! Whom he in worship deep adored,
Help us to tread the narrow, upward path,
That we may reach at length the holy place,
Where Grace and Peace eternal now he hath.
And, with our shepherd-friend, the saintly Ford,
May gaze enraptured on Thy gracious face.

C. J. A.

Bringing it Home.

Mr. W. is quite an elderly, wealthy gentleman, having for his second wife a lady of many years his junior, much petted, and very ignorant of the value of money.

Any expressed wish of hers he at once gratified, if money could be the medium. One evening she remarked in her charming way:

"I saw to-day at ——— a lovely camel's hair shawl that I want ever so much. Would you bring home to-morrow a check? it's only $50."

"Yes, dear," he replied, "I will bring the money;" and next day, with the assistance of his porter, he did bring home and place on the table 500 two-shilling pieces.

At the sight of this pile of metal, the wife exclaimed:

"What are you going to do with all that money?"

"Why, love, it's the money you wanted for the new shawl."

"Gracious, does it take all that to make $50? Why, I had no idea it meant so much. I will do without the shawl, and will put it all in the bank, if you will let me."

She did so, and has since added several sums to the deposit. Mr. W. affirms, on his honor, that since the event she has not asked for a quarter so much money as before the incident.

The Puzzled Witness.

At a court of sessions in the Munster district a young barrister cross-questioned a witness in the following style:

"Witness A——, by what process of investigation did you arrive at the conviction that this individual perpetrated the foul deed?"

The witness, evidently puzzled, holds his peace. An old lawyer, sitting by, observed:

"The man doesn't know what you mean; allow me to put the question. I say, my man, what makes you think he (pointing to prisoner) did it?"

Witness (visibly relieved)—I saw him do it myself!

Janauschek has been the presiding genius at the Grand during the first half of week. Although past the zenith of her youth the great tragedienne on Monday night presented a most artistic Lady Macbeth to an appreciative audience which frequently applauded the effective points scored by her in her delineation of the terrible woman, whose wifely love and devotion to the vacillating Macbeth almost atone for the relentless heart that spares neither friend nor foe in the murderous march of inordinate ambition.

•

The leading support was good, Mr. Chaplin presenting a dramatic and handsome though withal a somewhat fleshly Macbeth. His arms, for size and whiteness, would have filled the soul of a dowager with envy. The Macduff of Mr. T. H. Stuart was a strong impersonation and repeatedly secured him hearty applause. The portrayal of Malcolm was always a thankless one, and Mr. Haywood's rendition of it is neither worse nor better than that of the majority who essay this part. But I have to offer a protest against the three witches. Such witches! They looked like tired charwomen, and every one who gazed on them was tired too.

•

On Tuesday the *piece de resistance* was Mary Stuart with Janauschek in the title role. Of her delineation of the sufferings of the much married Stuart there is nothing new to be said. I don't know whether it was her good looks or the genuine manner with which she flung herself into the spirit of the play—possibly a combination of the two—which commended Miss Banon (Queen Elizabeth) to her audience. The support in this play was superior to that given in Macbeth the preceding night.

•

Mother and Son at the matinee, and Meg Merrilies on Wednesday brought to a close what is probably the last visit of the famous *tragedienne. Vale* Janauschek.

•

On Monday next the versatile and ever popular Rosina Vokes supported by her clever London Comedy Company will commence a week's engagement. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee—A Game of Cards, The Circus Rider and The Rough Diamond (first time here). Thursday and Friday evening—In Honor Bound, My Milliner's Bill and A Double Lesson. Saturday evening—Tears (new) My Milliner's Bill and A Pantomime Rehearsal.

•

My Partner, a play written by the late Mr. Bartley Campbell, has been drawing full houses to the Toronto Opera House this week. It contains many of the elements which, when well cast, make a play popular. The scene is laid in a mining district of California, in the shadow of old Shasta. The gulches and the canyons which yielded such a wealth of character to the pen of Bret Harte have been worked by the playwright at a later day with signal success. Chapman & Sellers' company contains some good people. Mr. Gilfether was very successful as Joe Saunders, one of the partners, and was ably seconded by Mr. Jannison. Major Britt seems to have been formed by nature for the part of the garrulous politician which he plays. Mr. Ray made a very comical Chinaman, and Mr. Martin as Scraggs was villainous-looking enough for any crime. Miss Besserer personified the leading female character with some power.

•

Next week R. T. Ellis in Casper the Yodler.

•

Last winter I called attention to the growing popularity in the American cities of engaging professional musicians and elocutionists to assist in drawing-room entertainments. The experiment has been tried in Toronto on two or three occasions that I know of and proved very popular, but the difficulty has been that the public are not generally familiar with those who would prove acceptable.

Miss Fleta M. Holman, 32 John street, who has established herself in Toronto as an elocutionist and teacher of physical and vocal culture, makes a special feature of church and private parlor entertainments, her repertoire embraces selections from well-known authors, and her programmes are arranged with a view to a really delightful entertainment. Being a graduate of the Monroe College of Oratory, Boston, and the National School of Elocution, Philadelphia, and recommended by the Massachusetts State Board of Education, it would be difficult to present more valuable credentials. Edward Everett Hale, the well-known Congregational pastor of Boston, gives her high praise and says, "I am glad to commend her to my friends." Joseph T. Duryea, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Boston, James Freeman Clarke, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, and Edward F. Hayward of the Broadway Church, Boston, all unite in saying, "Everyone was delighted in our church with Miss Fleta Holman." It is to be hoped that Miss Holman will meet in Toronto with the recognition she so well deserves, both in parlor and church engagements, and in obtaining pupils. Her father, by the way, is Mr. J. W. Holman of the British North America Assurance Company.

Prof. George W. Bliss of the Bliss School of Elocution, Boston, has been specially engaged to give an entertainment in Association Hall on Monday evening, October 15. The Boston papers pronounce him one of the most talented elocutionists now before the public, and say he make his audiences laugh or weep at his pleasure. The subscription list is now open at Nordheimer's.

NOTES.

Lotta is rehearsing for her next season in an empty store on Fifth avenue, New York, where she enjoys the benefits of absolute quiet and seclusion. It has not been settled who will take Mr. Jack St. Maur's place as business manager of the company.

This is how the Sydney (Australia) critics discourse:

We've seen some lean and podgy men—men red and blonde, and men dark,
Appear in tights, on divers nights, to play the Prince of Denmark—
Roar, shriek, or squeak the lines unique, yet leave their meaning hazy;
No gloomy Dane once made it plain if he was sane or crazy,
Ere came to take the classic cake one Hamlet, we as "boss" tick.
Read down the caps, his name, perhaps, is writ in this screstic.

After making due allowance for poet's license, the above embodies something after the nature of a fact. Charles Warner's Hamlet, on view at Melbourne Princess' for one week only, goes a long way towards justifying the violence of his booming by the Triumvirate. Barring a mushy propensity for making too many words terminate in ah (he's in Australiah, even now), and a trick of rushing off the stage as though he saw his last train with but one to depart without him, also barring a disposition to crap, Mr. Warner is as fine a Hamlet as he looks. His soliloquies and speeches generally would penetrate the dull understanding of a bullfrog. With a pathetic wave of his nervous hands he demonstrates that the melancholy Prince is all right until he tries to think too hard, a mental peculiarity pertaining to royal birth. In a few other respects Mr. Warner is altogether what's-its-name and supremely thingummy. Miss Isabel Morris stands out from a fairly competent remainder, and the play scene is prettily set up in the latest *al fresco* style.

Wit and Humor.

A harder thing to keep than a secret—Money.

Which has most legs, a cow or no cow?—No cow; for no cow has eight legs.

Ornithologists tell us that the owl is a wise bird. He certainly is a very solemn 'un.

Cupid's shafts at present seem to have some connection with a family carriage.

"I'm bound to be read!" This is, doubtless, what a new book, having its covers put on, would say if it could speak.

The interchange of birthday presents in some cases means the giving of something you can't afford in return for something you don't want.

"I think winter scenery very suggestive of poetry, guished Miss Rosetti Rorkins, and her matter-of-fact brother agreed that there was a deal of rime about it.

A Parisian lady of very fashionable proclivities patronized the English silver bangle the other night by wearing a large one that twined round her whole bust.

First Painter—Smith goes about everywhere saying that he is wedded to art. Second Painter—Oh! he's fibbing as usual; he's only courting publicity.

The tenor in a fashionable church choir found, to his horror, that his voice all at once became unpleasantly thick. He strained it, but without any good effect.

"That's terribly bald," said a critic, after hearing a new overture.—"Bald, eh!" remarked his friend. "I suppose you mean to say that good airs are rather scarce in it."

Suburban Roscius—Ah, I saw you were at our 'theatricals' the other night. How did you like my assumption of Hamlet?—Candid friend—My dear f'llar, great'st piece of assumption I ever saw i' m' life!

At a party one evening a young man felt obliged to flatter a lady who was no longer young but was very witty "Ah, sir!" she exclaimed, bursting out laughing, "nothing you are near-sighted there is no excuse for you."

"Papa, is it right to make remarks about people's dress?" "Certainly not, darling. What made you ask?" "Nothing, only I heard mamma said my dress was awfully shabby, and wondered why papa hadn't noticed it long ago."

"Will you trust me, Fanny?" he cried, passionately, grasping her hand.—"With all my heart, Augustus, with all my soul, with all myself," she whispered, nestling on his manly bosom.—"Would that you were my tailor," he murmured to himself, and tenderly he took her in his arms.

"My darling," wrote a husband to his wife, "I shall not be home till late this evening. Do not wait up for me. It's for thy dear sake I work by the light of the pale, effulgent moon, as if it were the bright, dazzling sun-light. She didn't wait; she went and got a detective and hunted him up.

A Boston merchant having heard that women had proved very successful bill collectors in New York, hired a young lady to do his dunning. She went out at 9 o'clock and returned at 11.30, saying she had called upon a bill and received an offer of marriage, so she came back to give up the business.

Old Gentleman (to a very rich old lady at a party)—Who is that handsome young man standing over there? Old Lady—That's my son-in-law. He's a very brilliant young man—made a large fortune by the law. Old Gentleman—Indeed! How's that? Old Lady—The law made him my daughter's husband.

A tourist who is traveling in India writes home that he was astonished by the precocity of the Hindoo children. Many of them are skilful workmen at an age when other children are learning the alphabet. One of the most expert carvers in wood he saw was a boy of 7, and many of the handsomest and most costly rugs and carpets are woven by children not yet in their teens.

If the question were asked, even in a hunting country, where they are learned on one theme, how did the custom of wearing scarlet coats in hunting originate, there are many men who would be puzzled to answer. This is what they ought to say. In 1188 Henry II. issued a royal mandate, proclaiming foxhunting a sport for kings, and enjoining all who too, part therein to wear the royal livery. Probably the oldest fashion on record.

Artist—Now, my dear friend, examine this picture carefully and give me your candid opinion about it. Friend (after examination)—The likeness is wonderful! But haven't you given your a little too much of the blues? What on earth are you talking about? About this portrait of your grandmother. Grandmother! Why, man alive, what's the matter with you? That's not my grandmother. That's a sunrise!

A prosperous barrister was talking shop the other day at the house of a rich friend. The learned one, in the enthusiasm of his vocabulary, related the history of his earliest success: "My first client,' said he, "was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted; so I took his case up, and got the rascal off." After dinner, enter an important personage, a great friend of the host, who presents the lawyer to him. Great person, patronizingly: "I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman; I met him long ago. In fact I gave him his first start in life. I was his first client."

A Victim of Fashion.

Elderly Masher—You may say what you like about tight boots, one thing is certain; they make you forget all the other troubles of life.

Keepsakes.

For Saturday Night.

"Keepsakes?" she asked, then grew her sweet eyes grave,
"Why yes, old-fashioned as it is, my dear,
I hoard some treasures Cousin Malcolm gave
To me before he went away last year.

"Three gems he left me, then came a good-bye;
Then crossed he to that 'far-off land' alone,
But those three treasures are a prisoner's tie
That binds us thro' the distance where he's gone.

"One is a plain and heavy hoop of gold;
To others 'tis an ordinary ring,
But unto me it means a wealth untold—
His faith and mine are in that wedding ring.

"I count so royal his untarnished name
And strive to wear it worthily alway—
To keep it clothed in honor, just the same
As Malcom gave it ere he went away.

"His blessed eyes and hair of golden light
My crowning jewel has—so like to his,
God help me lead our little child aright
Till I may follow where my darling is."

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

My Vine-Clad Home.

For Saturday Night.

I've gathered joys in many lands—
The wide world o'er,
By silvery running streams,
On mountain range—
'Mid moor and glen,
On castle's battled walls,
In gilded palace halls—
And busy haunts of men,
But oh! the entrancing joys of home;
My early boyhood home;
My sweet old cottage home;
Memories dear surround me here,
God bless our vine-clad home,
'Twas early here,
To a mother dear,
I lisp'd the prayer—
"Thy will be done."

JAMES BLACK PERRY.

WOODSIDE COTTAGE, Fergus, Ont., Aug., 1888.

Fido vs. Baby.

For Saturday Night.

Here, Bridget! take the baby,
And give me in my arms
Dear Fido, darling doggie,
In all his pretty charms.

Oh! how his little nose
Is wet with morning dew,
From yonder garden posey
Of pansy blossoms blue.

He loves; ah, yes! he loves me!
(Don't let that baby squall.)
Come, dearest Fido, kiss me!
You sweetest pet of all.

Hould mum! hould mum! cries Bridget,
Be aisy what ye do;
It sets me all a-fidget
To say the baste and you.

The dirty, bastely slather
That paints h's nose like that
Is the red gory lather
Of some un-sir-loin'd rat.

Shure, mum, it makes me sorry,
To say the artful baste
A-kissin' ye, by gorry,
To take away the taste.

TORONTO. ERNEST E. LEIGH.

The Mahommedan Convert.

Jack was a scamp, and no mistake;
His mind was all for drinkin';
He shirked his tasks, that's when he could,
And other tricks past thinkin'.

But I'll be bound, he hated most,
And scorned beyond all scornin',
That we must leave our own affairs
For church on Sunday mornin'.

"A shame," he often growled, "a shame,
To see them Coolies sooty,
Because they hold a heathen creed,
Hain't got the worst duty."

The bells were rung, the decks were cleared,
And all the rest assembled,
And Jack went nearhin' of his pants,
And neither moved nor trembled.

"Jack, come to church." He sulked, "I won't,
I've larned a 'igher teachin';
I'm turnin' a Ma'ommedan,
And can't attend your preachin'."

The rules required him to be brought
Afore the just Commander;
As smart a chap as sailed the sea,
A man o' sense an' candor.

"What's this, Jack? Won't you come to church?"
"My conscience won't permit me;
For I am turned Ma'ommedan,
Sir, that's the creed to fit me."

"Oh, very good. In truth you're right,
Follow your conscience ever;
Am I the man to override
That tender part? Oh, never!

"But we must all the beastie's take;
And Pete makes it bestial so,
You cannot have the privilege
Without the duty also.

"And I suppose you are aware
What rights Islam inherits?
Ma'ommedans are not allowed
To taste a drop o' spirrits.

"And so your daily grog is stopped.
A Christian sin is drinkin';
Why, what's the matter with you now?"
"Well, sir, I have been thinkin',

"And after all I'll go to church;"
"Oh, no, that would be cruel,
To force the conscience of a man,
To spoil his brightest jewel."

"I have some scruples, sir, I have;
The step is very serious,
And I won't mind to change my creed"—
But now, in tones imperious,

The other cried—"You speak too late;
Three months you lose your ration;
And meantime you can wait upon
Further illumination."

We laughed, and pitied Jack, for he
Was in a dreadful hurch;
But Jack, he never said again
He would not come to church.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR.

Now that the Exhibition of 1888 is carefully folded up and stowed away in the storehouse of the past, the ordinary young man and maiden are preparing for the annual raid on the fallen leaves of Rosedale and elsewhere. The Rosedale autumnal tramp has become one of the recognized annual pilgrimages.

***

To be "hoist with his own petard" may be as hackneyed as it is disagreeable, but it is still doing effective work, and has a special significance just now from its rapid exemplification in the case of the woman Boivin whose home on the shores of Lake Temiscamingue has been the scene of such a frightful tragedy.

***

Madam Boivin was a few years younger than her husband whom she has for some time been desirous of removing from this world of sorrow. But pere Boivin—the ingrate—was unwilling to go, in fact there was little of the ethereal in Boivin who, suspecting her intentions, refused when ill the other day to drink a dose of strychnine presented to him by his loving dame as simple Epsom salts.

***

To satisfy such absurd scruples his truculent spouse drank a spoonful herself, ignorantly supposing that the slightest of consequences only could follow. Her action appears to have reassured Boivin, who manfully tossed off the remainder. The lady had evidently miscalculated the strength of the poison, for by the time a startled neighbor could summon the doctor or the cure, both husband and wife, the murdered and the murderess, had simultaneously solved the great secret.

***

This is what a London paper has to say about Roland Gideon Barnett. "So Mr. Roland Gideon Israel Barnett has got into trouble again. This, by the way, is the gentleman who married poor Nelly Power, and whose name was much before the public in more or less unsavory ways some years ago. We have lost sight of him since that famous evening, years ago, at the now defunct Cremorne Gardens, when a very well-known member of the *jeunesse doree* took Mr. Barnett into a secluded part of the gardens known under the romantic name of the Hermit's Cell, and there inflicted upon the luckless Israelite such condign punishment that he made the shent-per-shenter most unpleasantly vocal for a time. Now he has turned up again."

***

We may, or we may not be a warlike nation, but the love of military spectacles has at any rate an honored corner in the colonial heart. My afternoon walk found me on Bloor street east last Sunday, and surely a passing regiment has not one whit more attraction for the *ouvriere* of Paris than has a church parade of the Queen's Own or the Grenadiers for the citizennes of Toronto.

***

On these occasions I use my best endeavors to get into the immediate neighborhood of the ubiquitous veteran of the Imperial service, who lays down the military law in fine style. Generally speaking, he is strongly prejudiced in favor of scarlet, for the simple reason that he has generally served in a line regiment. As a necessary consequence the dark green of the rifleman finds little favor with him. Scarlet, the crimson'd hue of gore, is the only fast color for him. He is of the old school, and has infinitely more faith in cold steel than breechloaders. The old Brown Bess was good enough for him, and, to judge by his oracular utterances, one hour with Colin Campbell, Lord Raglan, or Lord Gough was worth a cycle with the feather-bed heroes of to-day. But his sentiments are loyal, as are the services he has rendered to his Queen and country, and I, for one, have a fondness for his honest babble.

***

I don't know of anything which has afforded me a more pleasant half hour's reading than a short pamphlet entitled the Keys of the Bastile, by Mr. H. S. Howell of Galt. Disraeli's advice to a young man who was presented to him at the outset of his career was: "There are two things you must guard against—never seek to discover the author of the Letters of Junius, and never, never attempt to solve the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask."

***

Perhaps the glittering Hebrew gave sound advice, but to this day a goodly number are as deeply interested as ever in this fascinating subject, and were the dread secrets of the prison houses of the world to be laid bare to our ken, the first mystery we should most of us seek to have solved would be as to whether Matthioly, or the twin brother of Louis the Fourteenth, was the unhappy being who for a space of upwards of forty years, was the wearer of that velvet covering, known to succeeding ages as the Iron Mask of the Bastille.

***

One by one the men who figured prominently on the battlefields of the Franco-German war are passing away. The latest addition to the silent majority is Francois Achille Bazaine, whose surrender of Metz with 173,000 men to the Red Prince in October, 1870, resulted in his sentence of banishment at the hands of his infuriated fellow countrymen. His escape to the shores of Spain, and finally his death have brought to a close the history of one who, eighteen years ago, was almost a central figure in European events.

***

The exhumation of Schubert's remains and their re-interment beside Beethoven's reminds me of W. S. Gilbert's ghastly *mot*. At a *musicale* the wealthy widow of a retired tallow chandler asked the *Pinafore* man, "Is Beethoven *composing* now?" Gilbert gazed on his questioner for one moment, and with the coolest impudence replied, "No, madam! Beethoven is not composing now; he is *decomposing*."

ST. GEORGE.

Some Notable Women.

The Primrose League, founded in 1883, was, as Sir Algernon Borthwick has said, "the first political institution that ever had the good fortune to enrol under its banner the most persuasive voice in creation; women thoroughly understand that they are at home in the best society that can exist of a political nature; the society of loyalty and patriotism." In 1884 the League consisted of 959 members; there are now more than 700,000. Lady Salisbury, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Jersey, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Lathom, &c., are the leading members of the Ladies' Grand Council. The immense success of this Association led to the formation of the Women's Liberal League; the value of the work done by Tory Dames was recognized by Mr. Gladstone and his followers, and on the 14th of November, 1886, the first step was taken to form a society, with a view of securing the co-operation of Liberal and Radical ladies, with Mrs. Gladstone at their head. This now comprises thirty-seven associations, with an aggregate membership of 17,000 persons, and includes some accomplished speakers—notably Miss Orme, who can always carry an audience with her. Mrs. Byles, the wife of the editor of the *Bradford Observer*, must also be recognized as one of their best speakers, together with Lady Sandhurst, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, and Miss Jane Cobden. Miss MacDonnell, the secretary, has a most pleasing appearance, and sufficient eloquence to sway a meeting. In her office, Miss Shaw Lefevre's political maps are a prominent feature, and Miss MacDonnell prides herself on the fact that the members of this association mean work, and that in several of the constituencies women have done a great part of the registration.

It seems to me that no movement of equal importance, involving such far-reaching results, ever developed more rapidly, and yet required greater caution and circumspection, than that relating to the capacities, rights, duties, and social destiny of woman. As Miss Frances Power Cobbe recently observed, "Like the incoming tide, it has rolled in separate waves, and each one has obeyed the same law, and done its part in carrying forward all the rest. The waves of the higher education of women all over the world—the waves that lifted women over the sand-bars of the medical profession, the waves that seated them on the School Boards and Boards of Guardians of the Poor, the waves that gave them the Municipal Vote, and which restored to married women a right to their own property—every one of these waves, great and small, has been rolled forward by the same advancing tide."

When we glance back at what has been achieved in medical directions, we find that Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's name was placed on the register in 1859, and there it remained alone until 1865, when that of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson was added to it. Now we have not only sixty-eight duly qualified women doctors in England for those who prefer the ministrations of one of their sex, but many ladies have gone to India, owing to the great encouragement given them by the Countess of Dufferin, as she believes their presence will not only prove a boon to sick women, but effect a complete revolution in Indian female life.

A higher ideal is also recognised as to the personal and legal rights of the sex; and, in spite of Mrs. Mona Caird's recent scathing attack, I do not think that the majority of cultured Englishmen now share the matrimonial view entertained by Petruchio respecting his wife

> I will be master of what is mine own—
> She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
> My household stuff, my field, my barn,
> My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything.

George Eliot says in one of her novels that "men allow women to dictate before marriage, in order to give them an appetite for submission afterwards." I venture to hope that the Poet Laureate's sentiment will soon represent the general feeling:

> In true marriage lies
> Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfils
> Defect in each.

Anyhow, it is quite clear that the women of the family must prove a stimulus to a man's best aspirations, or a terrible drag on them. And if men have grown to regard marriage from a higher standpoint, it is to be hoped that most women will cease to pronounce it "a mirage—far off in books and dreams—lovely and divine! Entered on, it resolves itself into washing and ironing, cooking and nursing, house cleaning, making and mending, and long suffering, from New Year to Christmas and from Christmas to New Year." I think it was Professor Huxley who regretted that for the most part girls had been educated "to be drudges or toys beneath men, or a sort of angel above him—the highest ideal aimed at oscillating between Clarchen and Beatrice." I am not going to discuss the success or failure of English marriages just now, further than to say that I think from what I saw in America it is a great pity that girls on this side of the Atlantic have not more opportunities of becoming better acquainted with possible lovers and husbands. A young lady in this country must have a proposal, and become definitely "engaged," before she really knows a man's character, or else she must encounter that horrible bugbear of respectability, "being talked about," by people to whom her future welfare or misery is a matter of mere gossip. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that, while prudish barriers lead to misunderstanding, there is a freedom which can be distorted into license; the modesty of ignorance has to be replaced by the modesty of pure intent. Those who look to luxurious enjoyment as life's great aim, and to secure "a good establishment" as the chief end of woman's existence, are certain to miss a helpful and harmonious relation, and must soon find themselves involved in discord.

I have no space to note what will naturally be recorded in this column hereafter—the charitable work which is being done by ladies like the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Lathom, Lady Egerton of Tatton, Lady Meath, Lady Laura Ridding, Lady George Hamilton, Lady Leigh, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Miss Octavia Hill, and many others, in the interests of the Girls' Friendly Society, the homes of the poor, village libraries, &c.; but I venture, in concluding the brief retrospect of the years which have brought about such vast changes in the interests and pursuits of women, to urge on all taking part, either politically or philanthropically, in the work for which the world is now waiting—the poet's wise counsel—

> Let us love so well,
> Our work shall still be better for our love,
> And still our love be sweeter for our work.

LONDON, Eng. EMILY FAITHFUL.

Chicago Letter.

Special Correspondence.

Some familiar faces, but not nearly so many as I had expected, were to be seen on the streets of Chicago last week. The excursion trains from Canada were not overcrowded, and it appeared to me that more were in waiting at the depots of the Great Trunk and Michigan Central than stepped from the trains as they pulled in.

I observed lots of disappointed ones who, while apparently not looking for any one in particular, were there with the hope of meeting some old friends, and after watching the visitors alight turned sorrowfully to walk home, without even the satisfaction of a hand-shake.

I noticed Mr. Harry Pellatt step from one of the Michigan Central trains. He looks as young as he did ten years ago.

Mrs. Dr. Strathy (Miss Alley of a few years ago) appeared to be enjoying herself, when met on the street during the early part of last week. Mrs. Toye, whose charming daughter married Mr. "Bob" McKee not long since, is visiting the young married folks. Lots of Toronto people will be glad to hear that "Bob" is established in business for himself and doing well. Mrs. Brown, widow of a late partner of the firm of Brown Bros., came to Chicago from New York last week, accompanied by her two daughters. They have been absent from Toronto since last winter, and came here for the purpose of visiting Mr. Charlie Brown—Mrs. Brown's son—who has been residing here for about a year. As, before leaving Toronto, they rented their residence at the corner of Gerarrd and Sherbourne streets for a time not yet expired, it is possible they may remain in the Garden City for about six weeks longer. Two Toronto boys who appeared to thoroughly enjoy their trip were Mr. Robert Love, of the Lancashire Insurance Co., and Mr. Wm. Convey, who represents Messrs. John Macdonald & Co. on the roads. Anyone meeting them on the last day of their stay, and undertaking to tell them anything about the city or its surroundings would have found their task a difficult one. I could not but admire their energy and enthusiasm in the matter of sight seeing. Through letters and old friends they came in contact with people here who had facilities for showing them sights that the ordinary visitor would have no chance to see.

While strolling round the Exposition building the other evening (which, by the way, is altogether unworthy the big and enterprising Chicago, in the matter of display, and is totally eclipsed by St. Louis, a city long since ceased to be regarded as a rival in anything by Chicago) I met "Pete" Ball whose physique was so well known by everybody in the Queen City a few years ago. Pete is looking remarkably well, and is now representing one of the largest New York jobbing houses in the west.

It is a pity that, notwithstanding the fact that this is the greatest theater-going city on the continent, a very poor list of attractions were presented on the boards last week. Outside of a spectacular by Kiralfy and that rather pointless play of Hoyt's entitled A Hole in the Ground, there was nothing for our visitors to see, unless we include Haverly's Minstrels, which have been re-modeled, and present some new and good features. Some of the theaters, however, are well worthy of a visit on their own account. Next week I will recall a few old Torontonians to the recollection of their friends at home, who, doubtless, will be pleased to hear how and what they are doing in Chicago.

W. J. HETHER.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

It seems to me that the times are out of joint, that they are, in fact, broken in many places, else how account for the everyday reports of absconding and thieving by trusted and reputedly honest and good men? How many cases we have had within the past three years, most of them marked by peculiar and painful atrocity, heartlessness, want of conscience, of moral or religious will. The greater number of the culprits have been men of marked ability and high reputations, with positions of great trust. Nearly all have been in receipt of ample and liberal pay for work performed.

The occasion for these remarks is the latest nine days' wonder—the clever swindling of a great law firm by the man Bedell. The firm in whose employ he has been is one of the ablest in the country, made up of lawyers of wide individual experience, two of them ex-judges, and all distinguished alike by legal attainments and exemplary characters. It seems a sort of anomaly, the idea of a clever swindler imposing his tricks upon the law, but even lawyers to do business must put faith in their assistants. Here's a man who sacrifices friends, family, reputation, freedom—for even the veriest fool must see that time will overtake him—on the altar of the most vulgar type of fortune.

Nat Goodwin is to be sued for breach of promise. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! I wonder how it will all come out. I can't imagine any young burlesquer, as the one in this case appears, putting faith in the volatile Nat, and heaving her heart into his arms, no, not without the surest knowledge that it must ever be a super sort of platonism. Only a few months since, a year, maybe, Mrs. Goodwin died, a woman dear to the profession and an actress popular with the people. It was said then that Goodwin would never marry again, that his grief for his loss was deep, that his love and his sorrow had changed the man to friends who knew him best. What does it mean? As he says, a clever woman endeavoring to make money out of his friendly interest. She tells of letters breathing devotion, promises and hopes of a dear day to come. The courts may give us a benefit performance of this comedy, as it were. What a lot of advertising anyway!

The Kaffir Diamond is one of the new plays of the season. It is a rewritten old play, the earlier copy being by Conquest and Merritt, the well-known London playwrights. The situations have been planned and the text rebuilt to meet the talents of its owner and star, Louis Aldrich. I presume you know of him. I fancy he is known all over the American continent by his successful performance some years ago in Bartley Campbell's My Partner. He and Parsloe, who played the Chinaman, made their reputations and fortunes out of it. Aldrich also excited considerable interest as the Parson in McKee Rankin's company when they played The Danites. The Kaffir Diamond is a melodrama made out of old elements. The leading part, Shoulders (Aldrich), is a character involving considerable pathos and affords an excellent medium for a capable actor to show the mental straits to which a man may be brought by a blind jealousy, a passion for strong drink and a brooding over assumed wrongs. The scenery of the piece is remarkable. The locality of the story, Africa, lends itself so picturesque coloring, and the artists have improved their opportunity. The great swamp set is particularly rich, and by the use of gauze netting and small electric lights, the latter giving a unique fire-fly effect, it is made strikingly realistic. The South Devil, as the swamp is called, suggests uncanny things and creeping, insiduous horrors.

English publishing houses, as well as several on this side, have learned to value the advantages to be derived from both markets. Most of the great London establishments have branches here, some of them involving large interests. Cassell & Co. have come into open competition with local publishers, for besides their large list of books by English authors they control many copyright American books; in fact there are few concerns in this country that issue more volumes by native writers. Macmillan & Co., Longmans, Ward, Lock & Co., Frederick Warne, George Routledge & Sons, Thomas Nelson's Sons, are among the other London publishers who do a large business on this side through their New York branches.

As a commentary upon the much mooted question of copyright it may be well to remark that almost all of the publishers on either side, best known to the reading public, are in the habit of paying foreign authors a royalty, and that so far as the first editions go authors can, by pre-arrangement, have the advantage of this trade courtesy. This subject is a kind of red rag to many riders of Pegasus, and much discussion of authors' rights and publishers' greed has been indulged in these many years.

Here's a case of a wrong to the few proving a great blessing to the many. What would the poor do for the best books without the shilling and twenty cent reprints CARRINGTON.

A Phenomenal Eel.

A company of North German travelers were sitting at a hotel table in Salzburg. When a dish of eels was handed round, a Brandenburger complained of their small size, and stated that he frequently caught eels in his lake that were the length of a man and of a corresponding thickness. Upon which a Pomeranian country squire remarked:

"That is nothing. I once caught on my farm an eel that was four ells long and only half an inch thick."

Groans of indignation from the listeners at this gross outrage on their credulity. But he went on to explain that on removing a water-pipe leading from the river to his stables, and which had been unserviceable for years, the monster in question had been found inside. No doubt the fish had crept in when very young, "and naturally," the narrator added, chuckling to himself, "as it could not grow any thicker, it extended in length!"

How the Resolution was Rescinded.

John Barry was Mayor of Cromwell, New Zealand, when, in the prosperous times of gold digging, it was the headquarters of the diggers. He was not a reputable person, but he was muscular, and kept the turbulent population in order. His method of governing is illustrated by a story in "Antipodean Notes."

He applied to the council for a fortnight's leave of absence that he might visit Dunedin. It was granted. Barry overstayed his leave, and the council, being offended thereby, passed a vote of censure on him.

On arriving home, Barry attended the next meeting of the council, over which he presided. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, in which occurred the entry, "a vote of censure was passed on the mayor for overstaying his leave."

"Who proposed that vote?" demanded the mayor.

"I did," said a councillor, standing up.

John stepped from the president's chair, walked up to the member, and saying, "Then take that!" felled him to the ground.

"Who seconded the resolution?" asked the mayor, resuming his seat in the chair.

No one answered.

"Then," said the mayor, "as there was no seconder, it's informal. Mr. Clerk, scratch it off the minutes."

Afraid of Flies.

In an excursion taken lately by a certain learned society, it oozed out that the biggest man present, who was always in the front, rode on the highest brake, was calm in going at the fullest speed down the steepest gradient, scaled trains with the activity and nerve of a boy, was afraid of flies!

He regarded the wettest summer we have had for years as acceptable, as it was unaccompanied by the swarms which a hot summer invariably produces. A fly was his abomination. A short cut through brushwood was abandoned, and a stiff and stony walk preferred, on account of flies. If one came near him he was unnerved. A fly near the dinner-table took away his appetite. I have seen him leave the table hurriedly and retire outside to puff his short pipe, not so much for the pleasure of the weed as that it gave him protection from flies.

I believe he had an idea that the fly was a poison carrier; that it was one of the means by which epidemics are spread; or that, at all events, it was capable of doing mischief in some mysterious, occult, or physical way to the individual.

Too Much Curiosity.

The new servant girl came to the lady crying and holding on to her finger.

"What's the matter?" asked the lady.

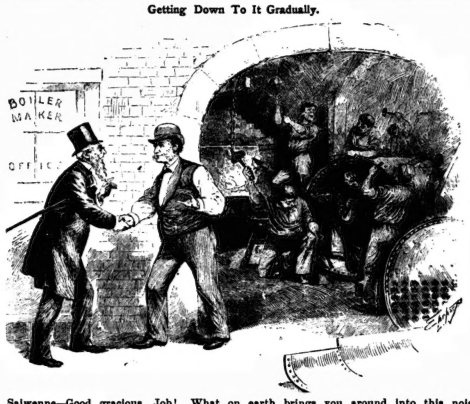
"I've run a fork into my finger, and if it's this plated stuff I'll get lock jaw."

"Don't be afraid. All my silver is genuine. I don't keep any plated ware in the house."

Next morning the servant girl and all the silver were missing, and the table ware was all plated for some time after, until the times were better.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves.—*W. Pitt.*

"Getting Down To It Gradually."



Salwenne—Good gracious, Job! What on earth brings you around into this noisy locality?

Lott—Well, the fact is, John, the children have all gone back to school from their summer vacation, and I can't stand it to come down to the Sunday calm of home at a jump!—*Puck.*

"'Twas on the Broad Atlantic."

Inkelheim (ten days wrecked)—A-ha! a sail—a sail. I vill hoist me your drousers! dey vos bedder as mein!

Ipstein—Holt on, Abe! See ohf effervthin' vos oud der pocgkets!—*Judge.*

FIRST OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

MISSING.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The next morning Mr. Tennant listened with quiet attention to Brande's recital of Hewetson's ghost-story, showing some signs of surprise when he spoke of the supposed ghost having disappeared through the wall next to the window at the end of the corridor, but making no comment.

"And now, sir," asked the younger man, at the close of his story, "can you guess what were the date and hour of this visit of Hewetson's to the south corridor?"

Mr. Tennant, with his eyes fixed inquiringly upon his nephew's face, shook his head.

"The date was identical with that of the robbery of the pearls, and the hour was between four and five in the morning.

"Well?"

"Well," repeated Brande, with some surprise at his uncle's want of discernment, "can't you draw your own conclusions from the fact that this man was creeping about your end of the house, in the very corridor leading to your rooms, for some unknown purpose, between four and five in the morning, when everyone was supposed to be fast asleep, and that the pearls were gone in the morning!"

With the light of sudden comprehension on his face Mr. Tennant rose quickly from his chair and for an instant with his eyes fixed with painful intentness upon Brande's face. Then with a deep-drawn breath he dropped back into his chair and put his hand out to his nephew, as a deadly pallor spread for an instant over his features.

"Are you ill, uncle?" asked Brande, moving hastily towards him.

"No," he replied tremulously, looking up at the young man with an affectionate joy—"not ill, my boy—not ill—only a little overcome. Oh, Brande, my lad, can this good thing be true—can it?"

"I think it can, uncle Griffiths—I do indeed," he answered, pressing his uncle's hand warmly; "at any rate, there is something to go upon, and I propose that we at once start a thorough investigation."

"I wonder, Brande, if you understand why the thought of this poor wretch's guilt is such a joy to me?" asked uncle Griffiths wistfully.

Thoroughly as he had believed in Brande's guilt, this tacit denial on the young man's part had been all that was needed to convince him just as thoroughly of his innocence. Brande's persistent silence and his quiet acquiescence in the hushing up of the affair had done more than anything to strengthen Mr. Tennant's belief in his guilt. But now he felt he could not turn his attention to anything else until he had made full confession to his nephew of the wrong he had done him; it was not enough for him to know that no harm had come of his suspicions—an apology was due to Brande for the injustice of which he had been the victim, and it must be made at once; so Mr. Tennant looked at him in affectionate amazement in the first moment of his restored belief, and prepared to make the amende honorable as far as lay in his power.

"Do you, Brande, my boy? Can you guess why I am sinful enough to rejoice in the thought of a fellow-creature's evil-doing?"

"I think perhaps I can, sir," he answered Brande, with a half-reproachful smile. "I have thought once or twice that things must look desperately black against me—so black indeed that I can quite understand your feelings on the matter.

"But Brande, if you knew I suspected you of this awful thing, why did you come home and say, 'I see you think I have stolen the pearls, but I give you my word of honor I have not; I know nothing about them?' I should have believed you, my dear lad, in spite of everything."

"Thank you, uncle Griffiths."

"Why did you not formally deny the theft?"

"Well, you see," said Brande, "there was Molly to be thought of."

"Molly?"—in a tone of amazement.

"Yes; if you had known for certain it wasn't I, you might have suspected Molly."

"Molly?" repeated uncle Griffiths. "I never dreamed of suspecting Molly; such an idea never occurred to me."

"But it would have done if you had been assured of my innocence. The things could not have been moved without hands; and, if I had emphatically denied having moved them, you would have begun to look for the thief elsewhere, don't you see?"

"And that was why you let us think you guilty all this time?"

"It was better to think me guilty than her," returned Brande cheerfully; "she would have sunk under it. I found it pretty rough sometimes; but I pulled through somehow, until I found out that she did not take my part behind my back, that she did not declare she thought me innocent, as I, believing her to be the thief, thought she ought to have done."

"But, Brande, we have never spoken openly to each other on the subject. We both knew each other's opinions, but we never put them into plain words."

"Well, at any rate, I heard you talking in the drawing-room the evening before you went to London to ask Heffermann about those pearls of Lady Du Quesne's, and it seemed to me that, if she did not say right out I was guilty, she still tacitly admitted the fact. This was more than I could bear, and that was why I went over to Tom's and stayed there so long. I thought if she could think so long and still marry a woman capable of such awful deceit; but when you wrote to me I altered my mind, and, deciding to go through with it, came back."

"Because you knew it would please me, Brande—eh?"

"That had nothing to do with it, sir. And now we will return to this matter of Hewetson's."

"Before we drop the subject of my suspicions though, I want you to understand, Brande my boy, how ashamed I am of having doubted your honor for a moment. I beg your pardon heartily."

"Don't do that, sir," interposed Brande hurriedly; "you were perfectly justified in your suspicions. If you make so much of your wrong to me, how shall I ever hope to obtain Molly's forgiveness, when this fellow's guilt is established, for my wrong to her?"

"She will not be hard on you, Brande—she loves you."

"Heaven bless her, yes!" returned the young man reverently. "How can I ever hope to reward her faithful heart for having stood by me in spite of everything?"

It was settled between them that Brande should go to London the next day and secure the services of an officer from Scotland Yard, to make himself master of all the details of the the unsuspecting Hewetson's life since he had left Bryn-mawr so suddenly.

"I'm afraid it will be rather a rush for you," observed uncle Griffiths. "It will only leave you two clear days before the wedding."

"Never mind that," returned Brande; "only let us get the fact of this man's guilt established before we're married, and I don't mind any inconvenience! It does not matter so much as it would if there were going be a big fuss."

It had been decided, in consequence of Molly's year of mourning not being yet completed, that the wedding should be quite private and quiet—only one or two old friends being invited to the church—and that the bride and bridegroom should not return to the house after the ceremony.

"Brande is going to London to-morrow, Molly," said uncle Griffiths that evening.

"To London?" echoed Molly, wondering in her heart if her frigid lover had found this strange courtship of theirs too intolerable to be borne, and was going to seek a little relaxation before making the final plunge.

"Yes; he has some business to see into there which he is very anxious to have settled."

"I hope you will be successful," observed Molly politely, with a glance in her cousin's direction.

"Thank you," answered Brande.

"Aren't you curious to know what this most important business is, my dear?" asked Mr. Tennant. He was longing to impart the great news to her, but found it rather difficult to tell her in Brande's presence.

"No, not very," she returned; "if it concerned me you would tell me; if it does not, why should I care to know?"

"Well, it does concern you indirectly. He is going up to town on business connected with the lost pearls."

Molly looked interested now as she glanced rapidly from one to the other. There was an understanding between them as to the matter at last then.

"Yes," continued uncle Griffiths gleefully; "we believe we have got a clue at the real thief at last—that is, we feel it is a person no one has ever thought of in connection with the robbery until now. It is the man, who was butler here at that time, Hewetson."

"What reason have you to suspect him, uncle Griffiths?" asked Molly very quietly.

Thereupon Mr. Tennant launched out into a full and particular account of the events which led to their suspecting Hewetson.

Molly listened in perfect silence. Indeed, she was so quiet that once or twice Brande doubted whether she were paying any attention at all to whas her uncle was saying. There was no direct allusion made to Brande's suspicions in another quarter, but Mr. Tennant managed to convey to her his conviction that this was the first time they had approached a solution of the matter; and she saw clearly enough that he was satisfied in his own mind of his nephew's innocence.

But, she argued, as she sat listening, conscious rather of the happy tone of his voice than his words, the dear old man did not know half the facts that had made against Brande. He did not know about the box sent off by post the morning the robbery was committed, directed to the man who afterwards sold the pearls to Lady Du Quesne; nor did he know of that last and most convincing of all the proofs against Brande—the telegram to this same Heffermann, begging him to keep his tongue about past transactions between them. No; with the strongest desire to be just, Molly could not, in view of these facts, believe in Brande's innocence. And so she sat hardening her heart against accepting as true what she so earnestly wished to believe, saying pitifully to herself over and over again—"If I could only believe it—if I dared only believe it!"

When Mr. Tennant had gone through the whole case as it then stood, he sat for a moment in silence, his heart thinking in the kindliness of his nature that Molly would be longing to express her contrition for the injustice she had done, and his lips framing the hall to his study he was imagining a pretty picture in the drawing-room behind him of a girl, with that most lovely of women's wealth of ruddy-brown hair, putting her hands upon the shoulders of a blue-eyed, sunburnt, broad-built young man, and asking his forgiveness with her pretty, pleading mouth so near his lips too near to his to be denied whatever they might ask.

This picture of uncle Griffiths' imagining was far enough from reality.

When Mr. Tennant first quitted the room, the young people remained silent until the stillness became positively painful; then Brande rose, and, leaning against the mantelpiece, said—

"I hope I shall succeed in proving Hewetson to be the thief."

"I hope you will," Molly answered; and then she raised her sad, solemn eyes to his, and he saw that she shared his uncle's belief.

The discovery was a great shock to him. He had altogether forgotten the receipt for the registered letter, and had no idea she had any knowledge of the suspicious telegram to Heffermann, so that he looked upon her continued suspicion as a matter of obstinacy. Nevertheless it was galling to him that she should be less ready than himself to suspect another when there appeared to be legitimate reason to do so.

She looked more lovely and more lovable in his eyes to-night than she had ever done. The sad solemnity of her glance seemed far more beautiful to him now, when he believed it to be caused by sorrow for him, than when he had attributed it to her own remorse.

As he looked down at her, his heart glowing with his new-born belief in her honor and goodness, he would have given his all to take her in his arms, kiss that sorrowful brow, and pour out such a passionate avowal of his innocence of the robbery that she would be compelled to believe him. But his pride prevented him. Since she preferred to think of him still as a dastardly ingrate, he would not attempt to convince her of her injustice until he could bring the proofs of his innocence in his hands. He would not ask her to take his innocence upon trust, she should be compelled to acknowledge herself in the wrong; sooner or later she should voluntarily ask his pardon for the wrong she had done him, as he was ready, even now, to ask hers.

"At any rate, Molly," he said, "you will wish me good speed in my undertaking?"

"Why 'at any rate,' Brande? My wish for your success is not conditional upon anything. From my heart I pray you may be able to do as you wish—prove beyond a doubt whatever that Hewetson is the man who took the pearls. Have you any theory as to how he opened the drawer? He would hardly have had the audacity to take the keys from under uncle Griffiths' pillow while he was in bed."

"I should think he used a skeleton-key. You see it is possible that he knew the studs were kept there some time before he committed the theft; and he must have had innumerable opportunities of getting an impression of the lock."

"Ah, I had not thought of that! And what steps are you going to take when you get to town? I suppose your plan of operation is all settled?"

"No; I can't say that, because, you see, to a very great extent I shall be in another person's hands."

"Another person's?"

"Yes; when I have once acquainted the detective with all the details of the case, as far as we know them, I shall leave him to act according to his own lights."

"Oh, you are going to engage a detective?"

"Of course! We could not hope to do much in such an intricate affair without professional assistance."

"No, I suppose not," observed Molly meditatively.

The idea of a detective was new to her, and she was trying to realise what effect the introduction of such a person might have. Surely, all her heart that Brande's desire to clear himself in their eyes might not lead him too far. She had the usual exaggerated idea of a detective's powers, and she thought he might refuse to be guiled into believing in Hewetson's guilt, and insist upon putting his finger upon the real thief. She did not, however, openly express any objection to the employment of a detective; indeed, she felt it was impossible for her to do so. So she rose and busied herself about the room for a few minutes, gathering her fancy-work together, while Brande watched the graceful figure in its sweeping black drapery with a desperate yearning.

She came up to him when she had gathered her work into her basket, and held out her hand.

"I think I'll bid you good night," she said; "you will be wanting to talk over all this exciting business with uncle Griffiths, and you'll be getting to bed early, I expect, if you are going up by the first train to-morrow. I wish you all possible success in you undertaking, Brande."

"Thank you," he answered, holding her hand a moment in his; and then, stooping suddenly, he passionately kissed her lips and turned abruptly away, hitting his face upon his folded arms on the mantelpiece.

The blood rushed into Molly's face at the unexpectedness of the assault; then, when he turned away and she saw his attitude of suffering, her heart seemed to cease to beat.

What was she to do? Brande stood motionless, with his face buried in his arms, and at length, after waiting irresolutely for a few minutes, she walked away, feeling utterly heartsick and miserable.

She glanced back when she reached the door, but he was still standing in the same attitude; and so she left him.

CHAPTER XIV.

When the intelligent officer Mr. Borth had heard all that Brande Tennant could tell him, and had, besides, elicited much additional information by a few well-directed remarks and questions, he suggested that they should at once proceed to Heffermann's.

"We'll begin at the wrong end for once," he said; "and, if the pearls that the German got for Lady Du Quesne are really the Bryn-mawr bird-locks, we'll screw them backwards to the thief, step by step, until we've got him. Another advantage too from this plan will be that we will get the German out of the business over at once, and that will save us having to run up again from your place."

"But you forget, my dear Brande, "that this Heffermann has already refused to tell my uncle anything about the transaction."

"Mr. Tennant didn't set about it in the right way, you see," replied Borth sententiously. "He asked for the information as a favor; I shall demand it as a right; and, if he offers any objection to giving me the information I ask for, I shall accuse him of complicity in the theft—and that, I take it, will bring him to his senses in double-quick time. Mr. Heffermann and I are old acquaintances, Mr. Tennant, and I don't think we need fear much trouble with him. If we take a cab and go up there at once, we shall just catch him before he goes to dinner."

The event turned out exactly as Mr. Borth had foretold. Mr. Heffermann was just sitting in his dusty front-shop with his hat on, giving directions to the shabby old man behind the counter, when their business rattled up; and though they could not flatter themselves that he was glad to see them, he was nevertheless civil enough as he turned back and ushered them into his dingy den at the back.

"Sorry to detain you from your dinner, Mr. Heffermann," said Mr. Borth respectfully; "but the fact is that we want to know what you have met before—in rather pressed for time. He wants to leave town to-morrow, and so I took the liberty of encroaching on your dinner-hour to-night, he has some business to settle that you may be mixed up in."

Mr. Heffermann looked at them both with a perceptible trace of fear in his manner, for the pursuit of his business he had to employ all sorts and conditions of men, and he had spoken truth when he had told Brande Tennant that it would not serve his purpose to examine too closely the various channels through which his goods passed before they reached his warehouse. Once in his youth he had been reprimanded from the Bench for his "want of caution" in allowing himself to become involved in the proceedings of a notorious pickpocket. Since then he had not relished the appearance of detectives on his premises, looking upon such visits as the invariable forerunners of unpleasantness.

"I don't think I am mixed up in any of Mr. Tennant's business now," he said, in answer to Borth's opening remark. "I had some dealings with him in the beginning of the year, but that was taken up to date by the drawer."

"The business we've come about to-day has nothing to do with 'stiff,' returned Borth; "it's about some pearls—some famous family pearls that are missing."

"Oh," said Heffermann, with a perceptible dropping of his jaw. "I'm sorry to hear it—very sorry! I don't like that sort of business at all. Do you want me to give up the keys for them? What are they like—really good ones?"

"No, we don't want your help to find them, Mr. Heffermann, because we think they are found already, but we do want your help to put our hands on the thief."

Heffermann's jaw dropped still lower.

"Go on," he observed, with sudden vicious ness—"let me know what you're driving at without beating about the bush any longer—I'm hungry."

"Those pearls you got for Lady Du Quesne last November or December—where did you get them from?"

"Oh, it's them again, is it?" said the Jew, with every appearance of relief, though Brande, watching him narrowly, could not have suspected its genuineness. "Now do you know," he observed, turning to Brande and speaking in a lighter tone than he had spoken in through—"do you know, when your father—I suppose he was your father, since you were so afraid he should hear about that bill—when your father came here about those same pearls he made me feel quite uncomfortable about them, and for my own satisfaction I started looking into the matter. I even made it convenient to go over to Paris a fortnight sooner than I had meant to and had a talk with the man who got them for me. Now I'm going to tell you something in the strictest confidence—a thing that might get me into a lot of trouble if it was talked about and was traced back to me. Those pearls I sold to Lady Du Quesne are not the Bryn-mawr celebrated necklace. She sold six of the largest and had them replaced by imitations, to raise a sum of money to buy something—the secret of her only son's which a woman was using to force him into a marriage with her. She—the woman—asked fifteen hundred pounds for the return, and the boy's mother parted with the finest of the family pearls to save her only son from a mesalliance and enable him to marry his cousin, the rich Miss Carr. One of my men in Paris heard of their being in the market from the man who made the substitutes, and picked them the best for me. And now you have the whole history of those pearls."

Brande looked at Mr. Borth, and Mr. Borth looked at Brande, and in the eyes of both the same thing was visible—a half-fear that the truth of the story and an inability to contest it.

Mr. Heffermann evidently detected the doubtful glances, for he added almost immediately and before they had time to speak—

"It's the whole truth I've told you, and nothing but the truth; and you can't make any more out of me if you put me on the rack. And now you must excuse me, for really I am desperately hungry. Will you both come and dine with me?"

Both Brande and Mr. Borth refused this hospitable offer, and walked away together, feeling that their first effort had completely failed.

"He is a wary old fox," pearls he said; "he had left the jeweler's. "Don't you see how entirely he has shut over another? He has not left us a chance of finding out how much of this precious story of his is true."

"You don't believe it then? And yet it seemed too circumstantial to have been made up on the spur of the moment."

"But you see, if the pearls which he sold to Lady Du Quesne are really yours, your uncle's visit would have put him on his guard. I don't mean to say that I believe he knew the stones were stolen when they first came into his hands; but I do think that, if he found out there was anything queer about them after he had sold them again, he would move heaven and earth to prevent its being discovered. For instance, this story of his, I am inclined to think, has been concocted with the express view of preventing our making further inquiry in that direction."

"Well, what do you mean to do now, then?"

"With your permission, we'll get down to your place by the first train to-morrow, and on the spot in the ordinary way—pick up the trail from the beginning and follow it to the end."

Brande having arrived at Chester, it was arranged that they should go down by the mail train that night, snatch a few hours' sleep at Chester and go on to Carnarvon by the first available train in the morning. This they would reach Bryn-mawr by about ten o'clock.

Brande did not sleep in the train going down, and when he arrived at the hotel, he kept Borth talking for more than an hour after every one else had left the coffee-room, until that gentleman's yawns and feeble pathetic reproach in the eyes of the tired waiter drove the young fellow reluctantly to the solitude of his own room.

He undressed slowly, feeling capable of doing anything rather than sleep; and, when he had almost stripped, he sat down in front of the fire, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, wondering how he and Molly would get along through the honeymoon if this case against Hewetson should fall through. The thought of Molly's disappointment for days of several weeks' duration had been perplexing enough to him while he had looked upon Molly as the sufferer, now that he saw she had looked upon him in the same light, he told himself existence in her presence would be intolerable until he was able to prove his innocence. Her awful if unspoken belief in his guilt was without seeing that doubt in them—how terrible to know, whenever she was silent, that she was thinking of him as a dishonest unconvicted felon! In the anguish of the thought he breathed an earnest prayer that this trouble might be little or long, but that his innocence might be satisfactorily solved before Molly became his wife. How awful it would be if it was never solved! What an unendurable dislocation would be in his life with this doubt hanging between Molly and him—what a fearful thing to grow old together with this terrible secret chilling and darkening their love! At the utter cheerlessness of such an outlook he shuddered, and then suddenly discovered that he was very cold, that the fire had burned low, and that he had been more comfortable in bed than where he was. The next thing he was conscious of was the sound of boots being thrust down upon the tiles beside him, and the pleasing information that the train would start in exactly twenty minutes.

"And now for the first step on this piece of the road," said Mr. Borth, when he was closeted with Mr. Tennant and Brande in the study at Bryn-mawr, and all preliminaries had been gone through. "The first thing now is, I think, to have an interview with this Mrs. Price who turned Hewetson out so suddenly. She may have had some reason for your gentleman being nothing of as yet for such very harsh conduct; and, if so, is is our first duty to find it out."

"Martin will be back presently, sir; Martin will scent a mystery if you send him to bring her."

"Shall I be in the way?" asked Mr. Tennant. "Not at all, sir—not at all. The housekeeper's character is, I take it, quite above suspicion, and she would just as soon speak out before you as not."

Then Mrs. Price came in, and Mr. Tennant introduced her to the stranger.

"I am sorry to see you, trouble has crept into the house, Mrs. Price," he said, in explanation; "and Mr. Borth is down here to help us to clear it up if possible, and he wants you to answer a few questions for him."

"I'm sorry to hear there's trouble, sir," she answered. "especially just now. Anything I can do, I'm sure, I'm willing."

"It's about Hewetson's dismissal," interposed Borth quietly; and at the man's name he saw her eyes brighten with intelligence. "We want to know what was your real reason for getting rid of him in such haste?"

"May I speak for one moment, Mr. Borth?" said the housekeeper, flushing a little as some property missed from the house just at the time this man left, Mrs. Price, and we want to know if you had ever had cause to suspect his honesty?"

"Thank you, sir, I am glad you told me why you wanted to know, because I can set your mind at rest on that point. I never missed a thing away from here that did not belong to him. I happen to know for certain that he didn't!"

"How is that?" asked Borth.

"I suppose you know why I sent him away was because he had been prowling and spying about the house at night, and would not give a reason for it."

"I did not know. But never mind that now—go on."

"Well, as soon as the man had gone in that abrupt manner, I began to wonder if he had taken anything that didn't belong to him, and I ran up to his room to see if I could have a look round. On my way down the south corridor I kicked against a loose key lying on the floor. I picked it up and tried it on a the different locks in that room, and found it fitted one of the doors in your press. It was a duplicate key! Well, I opened the cupboard, and found only nothing but some old clothes; and, upon searching closer, I came on a bottle of that best brandy that you keep in your dressing-room. I was pleased with my discovery, and rolled up tightly in a shirt under all the other linen. This was not so bad as I had expected, but it was bad enough, and it made me feel more uncomfortable than I felt before about Hewetson's odd manner at starting. "What if he had taken something more important than a bottle of brandy? I thought; and the idea so worried me that I sent my nephew—who is one of the under-gardeners, as you know, sir—packing after him, with the orders to get him drunk if he could, and to stay with him until he went to sleep, then to search the pockets of him and his belongings, boxes and everything."

"Well!" said Borth.

"Well, sir, he got carried out my instructions to the letter. He overtook Hewetson just at the lower gate, and offered to help him to wheel the barrow with his boxes. The next thing, was, naturally enough, an offer of a drink at 'The Golden Apple,' and in about an hour's time Hewetson was getting fairly on, cousin Dick persuaded him to decide to stay the night there, and his boxes were carried upstairs to a bedroom. After another hour he was ripe for bed. The man always drank like a beast when he was sure of being off duty, so Dick's job was not so difficult as it may seem. Well, sir, my nephew undressed him and put him to bed, and then, when he was snoring away in such a state of sleep that no earthly noise would have woke him, the lad went over all his pockets, and emptied them out on the floor and unfolded and shook every article, and felt in every pocket and crease, without finding anything of the nature you describe. Then the things back again as carefully as possible, locked up the boxes, put the keys under the drunken man's pillow and then came back to me."

"A smart lad that!" said Borth, when Mrs. Price stopped. "I suppose there was no chance of Hewetson having hidden anything before Dick overtook him, Mrs. Price?"

"I don't see how he well could, sir! There is no building and no trees nor shelter of any kind to speak of between here and the lower gate."

"No," interposed Mr. Tennant; "that idea won't hold water, Mr. Borth. The drive is open, either to the house or, when the spinnies shut it off from the house for a few yards, to a long stretch of road, the whole way down. It is open to the road right down to the beginning of the village; he would not dare attempt to hide anything in such an exposed position."

"I don't know about that, sir," returned the detective; "it would not take him long to thrust a thing of small size in among the shrubs, and he could easily come up and take it away after dark. At any rate, I think I will make sure he didn't do anything of the sort by inquiring when he left 'The Golden Apple,' and how he passed his time while he was there."

"You must have something to eat first," said Brande. "Mrs. Price will see to some luncheon for us. I've had nothing but a cup of muddy coffee since my supper last night, Mrs. Price." Then, turning to the detective, he went on, "There was a reason why we have not touched on yet, Mr. Borth—neither Mr. Tennant nor myself. It is this—our chief desire now is to fix this theft on to the right person. If we can recover the pearls, so much the better of course, but our main motive in opening the inquiry so long after the date of the robbery itself is to find out who the thief really is."

"I see. Then a confession of the robbery would serve your purpose. If I take your meaning rightly, you would not be inclined to be hard on the thief in the matter of prosecution, if he could be induced to confess theft."

Brande's lips parted eagerly, but he checked himself and nodded his head.

"Arrange it your own way, Brande," was Mr. Tennant's reply to the look; "it is more your affair than mine now."

"Then I should say, Get the confession at all costs!" exclaimed Brande. "It can do us no good to shut the poor devil up for the best years of his life, but it would be good for us to know definitely who took the studs."

Mr. Tennant nodded an emphatic assent to this.

"Well," observed Borth, "if you give me the power to promise that he shall not be punished and if he really did commit the theft, I think I can undertake to get a confession out of the man. But, mind you, my belief in his guilt has been considerably shaken by the housekeeper's account. If he had stolen the pearls in their case between four and five in the morning, I don't see how he could have disposed of them by eleven o'clock, which was the time when this nephew of the old lady's overtook him. To be sure, he might have had an accomplice waiting outside to take them the moment he got hold of them—one of old Heffermann's precious agents maybe—and this is where the difficulty comes in of tracing a thing of this kind so long after the theft has been committed. If this inquiry had been started the next day, for instance, the people at the railway station might have remembered the passengers by the first train that morning; but they will not remember anything about it now, you know. However, it's of no use fretting about that, so I'll get on with the materials I have as well as I can."

When the detective had started for the village, Brande went to say good morning to Molly. It was curious, but true, that since he had known she believed him to be the thief he had had a constant yearning for her society. Upheld by the knowledge of his own innocence, he found her suspicions easier to bear than his own had been of her.

Molly was writing letters in the library when he found her. She laid down her pen at his entrance and gave him a chill smile of greeting, but asked no questions concerning the success of his expedition.

"You came as far as Chester by the mail, of course," she observed; "we did not expect you till the afternoon. I hope you had a pleasant journey and slept well."

He had forgotten that he had told her that he was not a welcome subject for conversation.

He wanted to talk confidentially to her, and she would not let him. He had thought that ever since he had treated her exactly as she was treating him now, and he was annoyed at what he called her perverse cruelty. He made another attempt to arrange a mutually embarrassment of the interview, drawing near to the table she was writing at and lowering his voice.

"I have brought a man from Scotland Yard down with me."

"Yes?" she said calmly. "I guessed who he was."

"He seems a smart fellow. Does he?"

Then Brande gave up the task he had set himself and fled. He went out and walked in the damp, dripping shrubberies, where no one could see him, and began to wonder how Molly would behave to him if it ever came to her knowledge that he had believed her guilty. "It's bad enough now," he thought; "but I wonder what it would be if she knew?"

Molly remained seated in the library, her cheeks flushed with resentment.

"He treats me as a spoilt child treats a doll," she thought angrily—"one month neglected and snubbed, the next petted and caressed. And he thinks I will submit to it with a doll's placidity and inane smile, without asking for or expecting explanation or apology."

(To be Continued.)

A Deserved Rebuke.

"Why, Rollo, I'se s'prised. Don't yer know it's wery wicked ter kill chickuns? What yer s'pose is gwinen ter become of yer?"—*N. Y. Life.*

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CHAPTER XII.

MISS STEWART IS PRONOUNCED OUT OF DANGER.

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, Dr. Percy Morton made his second visit to Miss Helena Stewart.

He found her seated at a window, in a dark blue velvet lounging chair. She was clad in a dainty white wrap of some fine sheer material, trimmed with a profusion of rare lace, and bound at the waist with a mass of delicate blue ribbons. In her white hands she held a luxuriant spray of pale pink Scotch roses, and she made a bewildering picture with her golden head resting against the softly cushioned chair, her pure cameo cut profile delicately outlined by the rich velvet.

She glanced up with a quick look of interest as the servant announced "Dr. Morton," and he scrutinized the young physician's face, while a faint flush arose to her temples.

Mrs. Stewart arose at his entrance, and went forward to greet him; but then, turning a fair beautiful convalescent, she said, with a smile of pride and affection which betrayed how completely her heart was bound up in her fair daughter:

"Helena, dear, this is your physician. Dr. Morton, my daughter, Miss Stewart."

Percy acknowledged the introduction with quiet courtesy, although he marveled at the loveliness of the fair girl, while she greeted him with a bow and a ravishing smile.

"You will excuse your physician for not being ceremonious, Miss Stewart," Percy said, as he at once drew a chair to her side, and lightly laid his fingers upon her white, blue-veined wrist. "My visit to-day is a mere matter of form, I perceive," he added, lightly, "for you are very much improved, and a day or two more will serve to make you quite yourself again."

"I am already quite myself, with the exception of a trifle of weakness, if mamma and our friend, the duchess, would only allow me to think so," Miss Stewart replied, in a marvelously sweet, rich voice, while she turned a full, clear glance upon the young doctor. "They are making altogether too much of a simple fainting turn," she added, with assumed indifference.

"A simple fainting turn, Helena! I pray I may never witness a serious one, then," Mrs. Stewart exclaimed, bestowing an anxious glance upon her daughter. "It is the greatest mystery what could have caused it."

Miss Stewart shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"Oh, never mind what caused it, mamma; it is past now. Let us talk of something more agreeable. Dr. Morton, did you ever see a more delightful place than Osterly Park in the month of May?"

Percy had been observing his patient very closely, and he was quick to notice the little shiver that ran over her, when her mother had touched upon the subject of her illness; the quick twitching of her beautiful lips, and the quiver of her white lids, and he was more than ever sure that the glove and ring, which even then were safely tucked within his vest pocket, were very closely connected with the mystery of yesterday's startling occurrence.

"Truly I never did," he replied, willing to humor her by changing the subject, and strangely influenced by the peculiar charm of her manner. "I have often admired the place from a distance, but I never realized a tithe of its beauty until I was summoned here yesterday. While I deeply deplore the necessity that brought me here I cannot fail to appreciate the pleasure that I am reaping from it," he concluded, with a glance of admiration at his companion.

Helena Stewart shot a quick, sky look at him, and her color deepened beautifully. It was as if the rising sun had tinged her pure skin with his most delicate flush.

"See what a beautiful view I have from my window!" she said, turning away to hide it. "She has perfectly the park sloping down to the highway. Notice the river in the distance and the town gracefully skirting its banks. King-ston is a place of considerable importance, I hear," she went on, animatedly. "I have been reading about the Saxon kings that were crowned here, and of the council which Egbert convened here so many hundreds of years ago. The duchess has some old Roman coins that were found among the ruins of the old town. You ought to see them, Dr. Morton. They are very curious."

"No doubt; such old relics are often very interesting," Percy remarked, thinking that she was very clever as well as fair; and then the conversation drifted to relics of antiquity in general. Miss Stewart and her mother had traveled largely, and such things appeared to have a peculiar charm for them both.

Helena herself was extremely well read and very entertaining in conversation, and Percy was beguiled into making a very unprofessional call of a full hour.

When the clock upon the mantel chimed twelve musical strokes, he looked up astonished and a red flush shot over his face.

He arose immediately.

"I am afraid I am lacking in professional discretion," he remarked, smilingly. "Miss Stewart, for an invalid, your magnetic power has been very strong this morning.

She swept him an electric glance from beneath her silken lashes, and a silvery laugh rippled over her red lips.

"Thank you, Dr. Morton," she replied, "you know some one has said that a merrie heart doeth good like medicine, and I am sure that your merry chat has done me more good than any number of your powders and pills."

"It is my turn now to return thanks," Percy responded, laughing, "though I am inclined to think your compliment rather a doubtful one to my skill as an M.D."

"No, indeed; that was proved beyond question yesterday," Miss Stewart replied, quickly and earnestly, "and I feel very grateful for your faithfulness and energy in treating me. I trust, however, I may never require the like again," she concluded, a sudden pallor driving the color from her cheek.

Mrs. Stewart, who had been sitting near them until now, arose to answer a knock at the door, and Percy bending near his patient said in a low voice intended for her ear alone:

"The occurrence must be its own warning; many such attacks would result in lasting injury to the heart. Miss Stewart, do not ever allow yourself again to be shocked and thrown into such a state, if you can possibly avoid it."

Helena Stewart sat suddenly erect and her proud head was lifted with an air of haughty defiance.

"You speak in riddles, Dr. Morton," she said, coldly; "why will everybody persist in declaring that I have been frightened?" she concluded, impatiently.

"Miss Stewart, I am a physician—I have studied the human system for some years, and science teaches that certain causes produce certain effects. There is nothing about you to indicate a tendency to such attacks as you suffered yesterday, therefore there must have been some foreign cause for it. Besides——"

He hesitated, and Miss Stewart gave him a quick, startled look.

"Besides what?" she demanded, with a swift, indrawn breath.

Mrs. Stewart was returning, and there was no time for him to say more at that time, even if he had thought best to do so, and he merely added:

"You will do well to keep quiet for a day or two longer; then you may resume your ordinary pursuits, if you like."

He bowed politely to both ladies and then went quietly from the room.

Helena Stewart sat like a statue by the window, her face pale and anxious, her eyes glittering with a half-frightened look, her lips compressed into a white, straight line.

She did not move until she heard a quick, firm tread upon the gravel beneath her window; then she started, a crimson flush dying all her face, her eyes softened, and she leaned eagerly forward and watched Percy Morton until he disappeared around a curve in the avenue.

A sigh of regret escaped her when she could see him no longer.

"He is the grandest man I have ever seen," she murmured, musingly, and unaware that she was giving utterance to her thoughts.

"Of whom are you speaking, Helena?" inquired Mrs. Stewart, shooting a suspicious glance at her daughter.

"Of Dr. Morton," Miss Stewart confessed, in no wise abashed at having been overheard.

"Helena!"

"Well, mamma?"

"I hope you will let Dr. Morton alone; you have played the coquette long enough; it is high time that you began to think and plan seriously for your future prospects."

A mocking smile played over Helena's beautiful lips.

"You do enough of that for the whole family, mamma," she retorted, with none too much respect in her tone.

Mrs. Stewart colored angrily.

"Have you no desire to become the Duchess of Jersey?"

"What I may or may not desire might not serve to make me happy."

"You know better, Helena," returned her mother, excitedly; "you know that her grace is very fond of you—that she desires to see you the wife of her nephew, Lord Nelson. I am sure she invited us here that you might see more of each other, and consummate an engagement. Do you think it is the height of presumption to achieve such a distinction—to wear the strawberry leaves."

"I should like to be a duchess, I admit," Helena answered thoughtfully. "I should enjoy being mistress of Osterly Park"—her eyes resting lingeringly on the fair landscape without—"dispense my charities in the well-filled coffers, and occupying the proud position that Lord Nelson could give me; but——"

"But what?" came impatiently from Mrs. Stewart.

"Wealth, position and title are not all that should be taken into consideration in settling one's fate for all time."

"Indeed! what has brought you to such a philosophical conclusion?" inquired her mother, with accent of scorn, while she studied the fair face at the window most earnestly. "If it was that handsome young doctor's face and fascinating address, I shall regret that we ever called him."

"Thank you, mamma; possibly it was a mistake; I might have escaped trials that we cannot foresee," retorted the disgusted Miss Stewart, an angry scarlet on her cheek.

"Oh, Helena! you know I did not mean that!" cried the elder lady, in a voice of horror, as she comprehended how much her words implied. Of course I know that he saved your life—that you would have died but for him; but you shall not make a fool of yourself over him"—this with an imperative tap of her foot.

"You know," she resumed, "what I have set my heart upon: to see you the future queen assured—to see you mistress of all this fair domain"—and she waved her shapely hand toward the landscape with a sweep—"would make me supremely happy. You would never want for anything, and I am sure that Lord Nelson is a man that any woman might be proud to win for her husband."

"Lord Nelson is well enough," Helena answered, with downcast eyes, and toying with the spray of heliotrope upon her lap; "but he is younger than I, and I do not love him."

"Nonsense! he is a man whom any woman could honor and respect, I am sure."

"Very true; but is it all that is necessary to make married life happy or even tolerable, mamma?" Helena demanded, sternly, turning her flushed, earnest face to her mother.

"Helena, I cannot understand you; I never saw you in such a mood before. What possesses you to-day? Hitherto you have been as anxious for this match as I. But hark! there comes Lord Nelson himself; he sent to ask a few moments ago if he might come up to see you."

Mrs. Stewart arose at the sound of a tap, and going to the door admitted a fine-looking young man of about twenty years.

He was tall, and of soldier make, with light hair and fair skin. His features were delicate without being effeminate, and a very pleasing expression rested upon them.

His eye was full, large and of a deep blue, meeting yours with an earnest, steadfast look which betrayed the frankness and integrity of his character, the nobility of his spirit.

Mrs. Stewart greeted him with marked graciousness.

"We were just talking of you," she said, gayly. "Come in and see for yourself how well Helena is looking. That smart young doctor has just been here, and he promises that she will be entirely herself in a day or two."

All this was said to give Helena time to recover herself, for she had been, as her mother said, in a very unusual mood that morning. She now looked up at her visitor with her usual brilliant smile.

"Lord Nelson, you are as welcome as the day," she said, holding out her white hand to him. "It is insufferably dull sitting idly here this charming morning. I long to be cantering over the moors on 'Jet.'"

"I hope you will be able to do so soon," he lovingly returned, cordially clasping her hand and looking unmistakable admiration at her from his fine blue eyes. "Jet is in the stable and needs exercise sadly, while I long for my usual companion. I was half-tempted to ask Belle to ride with me this morning."

Mrs. Stewart looked up startled.

"Lord Nelson, don't say such wild notions into that child's head," she said; "she is romp enough already, and I should never know a moment's peace if you should once get her into the saddle. Jet is in such a spirited mood, while the rest of us are enjoying ourselves in our own way."

"Belle" was Mrs. Stewart's younger daughter. She was a bright, spirited, though somewhat willful girl, in her fifteenth year; the pleasure of her elder sister, and yet with a truthful nature which was always conflicting with Helena's crafty and hypocritical tendencies. She never hesitated to speak her mind on every occasion, and her just estimate of her sister's character was anything but agreeable to that young lady.

She was rather a burden to her mother also, who was at a loss to know just what to do with her. She could not endure the thought of being separated from her by putting her into a school, and yet she felt that the kind of life she was leading was, at her age, far from being good for her.

Since she had been at Osterly Park, where there was no one of her age, she had indeed been at a loss to know what to do with herself. When she was with Lord Nelson Hartwell, she was always at her best, for she recognized in him a kindred spirit. Her childish intuition told her that he was true and noble, that when he talked with her and tried to amuse her he had no ax of his own to grind, but was trying, in a spirit of real kindness, to make life a little less lonely and tedious for her. He had indeed so found fault with her, she received it meekly, when she would angrily resent anything of the kind from her mother or sister, for she knew that he meant it for her good.

"She ought to be studying every day," Mrs. Stewart remarked, in reply to her lordship's assertion. "I have half a mind to advertise for a governess and companion for her."

"I think that would be an excellent plan, Mrs. Stewart," the young man returned. "I am sure that Belle needs employment as well as companionship."

"That is very true; I thank you for the suggestion, and I shall advertise at once," said Mrs. Stewart, with decision.

Lord Nelson now turned his attention to Helena, and they were soon interested in planning some excursion for the following week.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAZEL SEEKS A SITUATION.

WANTED—A YOUNG LADY, ABOUT eighteen or nineteen, who has just completed her education, and would like a position as governess and companion to a miss of fifteen. Must have the best of reference, both as to character and capability. Apply in person or by letter at No. — Hyde Park Corner, London, during the last week in June, between the hours of twelve and two daily.

This was the advertisement which caught the eye of Hazel Gay one afternoon during the second week in June, while she was looking over the daily paper.

"I believe that is just what I want," she said, a quick flush suffusing her beautiful face.

She read it over again, slowly and carefully, and then sat a long time, a serious look in her eyes, as if thoughtfully considering some important subject.

"I will do it," she said at last, in a resolute tone; and taking a pair of scissors from her work basket, she cut the advertisement out and transferred it to her pocket-book.

In about two weeks Hazel was to graduate from the school where she had been a pupil for so many years.

"Or rather than a year the question! What shall I do when my school days are over?" had weighed heavily on her heart.

She did not forget that Percy had always said that he should make a home for her, and they would live together, and for a long time she had looked forward to such a life as the very acme of her happiness.

But, as we have before hinted, during the last year "a change had come o'er the spirit of her dream" and she had gradually come to feel that it could not be.

She had always called herself Percy's sister, and spoken of him as her brother to her teachers and mates, while she had ever submitted to his guidance as a younger sister naturally would to a brother several years older than herself.

With Percy, however, it was different. Every year, as Hazel developed more and more into perfect womanhood, he experienced greater satisfaction in the knowledge that she was of no kin to him. He knew he loved her with all the strong heart—this quietly, manfully girl, with her exuberant spirit, yet with a depth of character which few girls at her age possessed—and, secretly, he was planning to win her as his wife when her school days should be ended.

During the earlier part of the last school year he had come one evening to make her a little visit and he brought a gift with him—a charming little watch, which she had been longing to possess, but never dare to breathe her wish to Percy.

Hazel was delighted with it, and, in the excess of her pleasure, she clasped both hands about his arm, raised herself on the tips of her feet and kissed him.

"Percy, you are the dearest brother in the world!" she cried, joy beaming from every feature of her lovely face.

The quick color flashed to his brow, and a look of pain contracted it, for she had all the innocence and freedom of a child in its expression of her gratitude; and the fear smote him that she would never learn to love him other than as a brother.

He drew himself up and slightly away from her.

"But, Hazel, I am not really your brother, you know," he said, in a constrained tone.

A shock went through her, depriving her of her color and her joy. A feeling of shame took possession of her.

Had she been holdenish and unlady-like, forward and rude? And did he feel it needful to reprove her thus for her freedom with him—to make her feel that now she was a grown lady grown, and she must not be so willing to bestow her kisses and caresses upon young men?

It was a keen arrow to her soul.

She knew he was not her brother, but he had been so good to her always that she loved him like a—yes, she was sure, she had never ever loved a brother more dearly than she loved Percy; then why should she not give expression to that affection?

There another shock, more terrible than the first, followed, as a sudden light broke in upon her.

Did she love Percy after a sisterly fashion? Had the absorbing, almost idolatrous affection which she possessed for him anything of a fraternal nature about it?

"No, it was far deeper, tenderer, more sacred; and the revelation, so sudden and startling, almost congealed her, and her heart sank like a lump of lead, as she thought that perhaps she had unconsciously betrayed this, and Percy had felt it necessary to restrain and reprove her for it.

Still her pride would not allow her to betray anything of this inward struggle.

Her face flushed hotly, then paled, while she managed to reply quietly, and with an air of humility that touched and thoroughly deceived him:

"I know it, Percy; but you have always been so good to me that I could not help regarding you as a brother."

He longed to take her into his arms, and tell her all that was in his heart, to probe her own and see if he could not awaken in it something of the passion that so nearly deprived him of composure.

But no, he told himself, he would wait until she was through school; it would not be best to disturb her now and distract her thoughts from her studies. But after she should graduate he would tell her how, for long years, she had been growing to be a part of his very life; he would win her with all the tenderness and eloquence of which he was master to become his wife.

But, unconsciously, he had done mischief that night which he would have given worlds to undo, had he known.

The storm that swept over Hazel's soul after he left her, bowed her to the earth. It had found her a happy child, it left her a suffering woman, with the fierce agony upon her weak and ill for several days so that she was unable to see Percy the next time he came.

When they did meet again he was troubled and anxious about her appearance.

She was pale, and showed her recent illness more than he would have believed possible. Her manner was quiet and subdued, very unlike the free, outspoken, merry Hazel of old; but he attributed this change to the state of her health.

She gave him her hand when they met, but did not offer her lips as usual, and when he bent to kiss her she turned him her pale, cold cheek.

This pained him, but did not awaken a suspicion of the truth, and then she began to question him about his life in Kingston, and kept him so busy talking of his own affairs that he had no opportunity to discuss hers.

He went away troubled and perplexed, and this state of feeling only increased as time passed.

Hazel was as lovable and beautiful as ever. She was brilliant and fascinating in conversation, and yet he was conscious of a radical change in her.

She never refused the caress which he never forgot at meeting or parting; she submitted to it in a quiet, ladylike way, but never offered it now in her free, merry way as of old.

"I am afraid that this last year is too much for you, Hazel," he said, at one time, "I fear that you are wearing yourself out."

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"No, indeed, Percy, I am perfectly well," she answered, with another smile, "and I am enjoying my work so much—I am looking forward to my graduation very hopefully."

"I think that I cannot feel quite easy about you," he persisted; "you have not seemed like yourself for months—you are not my 'Witch Hazel' at all," he concluded, smiling wistfully, and regarding her anxiously.

Hazel felt startled. For the world she would not have him suspect the nature of the change in her. She must do something to allay his fears.

"I am getting rather old to be the witch I used to be," she said, with a merry little laugh, and time also begins to transform the witch like herself, although, if he had been less glad to see her so, he must have noticed the unnatural constraint in her laughter.

"I shall be glad when it is all over," he told her, "when I can have you all to myself. I have your rooms in readiness every day, and see if we cannot freshen up these fading roses somewhat," touching her cheek softly. "I must be looking after a house and a housekeeper pretty soon; how many rooms do you think we shall need, dear?"

A burning blush mounted to Hazel's brow at this question; she neglected to pick up a pin from the carpet before replying.

"I do not know; do not do anything about it, Percy, until—until I finish school," she said, constrainedly; and he could get nothing more satisfactory from her, although he tried several times after that; while, with a sense of impatience and keenness pain, he was always conscious that she was drifting farther and farther away from him—that an intangible barrier had risen between them, and he had no power to sweep it away.

During this time, however, Hazel had made up her mind that she should not go to Kingston to live with Percy.

He was not her brother—he had told her so; she had no claim upon him, beyond what his kindness and his promises to his father to care for her, involved.

Her little fortune had all, or nearly all, been spent upon her education, and she was determined that she would not be a burden upon him. Her proud spirit rebelled at being a pensioner upon his bounty, and she sternly resolved that she would take care of herself.

It was with this determination in view that she so carefully cut the advertisement from the daily paper, as mentioned above. She meant to apply for the situation as governess and companion to the miss of fifteen.

It was a bold step to take without advice, and she was conscious that Percy would oppose it with all the strength of his will; but her mind once made up she would not be turned from her purpose. She meant to make the engagement before telling him, and having secured herself, he would be powerless to prevent it.

It would be a little troublesome to make the application the last week in June, for the examinations and exercises came then, and she would be very busy.

But she determined to attend to the matter at the very beginning of the week, and have it off her mind.

Accordingly one morning she asked the principal of the school if she would give her a recommendation for her proficiency and qualification to teach, and was gratified by receiving, an hour later, a letter from Madame Hawley, setting forth, in glowing terms, her rank in scholarship, and speaking of her in the highest praise personally.

Armed with this, she started out at twelve the same day, called a cab, and was driven to Hyde Park Corner, where she was set down before an imposing residence, with a great coat-of-arms blazoned upon the door.

Hinging the bell, she was ushered through a magnificent hall to a small reception-room on the right, where she was left to wait.

She sat down and quietly amused herself by looking at the beautiful things all about her.

"It would be delightful to live in such a place, if it all belonged to one," she thought, with a sigh of appreciation, as her eye roved from picture to picture, from statue to vase, each in itself a work of high art and of great value.

Presently she was interrupted by the entrance of a trim servant-girl in a pretty lace cap and elaborate apron.

"Please, miss," she said, smilingly, "my lady would like you to walk up stairs."

Hazel rose and followed her guide up the wide, beautiful stair-way, and was ushered into a lofty room on the second floor.

The door closed behind her.

There was also a young girl present—a saucy, roguish sort of, with rosy cheeks and dancing, mischief-loving eyes, yet having a straightforward, honest look in them, that attracted Hazel at once.

"You are Miss Gay?" remarked the younger of the two ladies, inquiringly, and glancing at the card that Hazel had sent up.

"Yes, madam."

"And you have called, I presume, in answer to the advertisement regarding a governess and companion. You are very prompt in your application."

Hazel flushed slightly at this.

"The reason of my coming so early is that my school closes this week, and my time will be very fully occupied later," she quietly explained.

"Do you graduate then?" inquired Mrs. Stewart, for it was she who was in search of a governess and companion for Belle.

"I do."

"I suppose you have a recommendation of your qualifications," the lady observed, studying the beautiful face and figure opposite her.

Hazel took an envelope from the dainty little bag that she carried and passed it to her.

"Hum!" remarked Mrs. Stewart, after running her eyes over it. "I should judge that you were a favorite with madam. She says you are very proficient in both music and drawing. Do you think you could make your mind to spend two or three hours daily at the piano."

Miss Belle made a comical grimace and shrugged her shoulders.

The action was so droll that Hazel's eyes began to twinkle, and a smile of amusement to accompany it at the corners of her pretty mouth, whereupon Belle laughed outright, tossed her wayward head, and cried, merrily:

"Now, Gay, I hope you are not very ferocious, for if you come to us, I am the incorrigible pupil whom you are expected to reduce to order."

A smile, like a ray of warmest sunlight, broke over Hazel's face at this, and she felt instantly that she would be good friends with this frank, outspoken girl.

But before she could reply, Mrs. Stewart exclaimed, reproachfully:

"Percy! What an expression to use to a young lady, Belle! I must insist upon your being more refined in your language. Miss Gay, won't you play something for us? I am something of a critic in music myself," the lady continued, glancing across the room toward a handsome upright piano.

Hazel flushed.

She was not shy about playing before people usually, but the word "critic," and something in Mrs. Stewart's imperious manner, disconcerted her somewhat.

The duchess had been quietly observant of Hazel ever since she entered the room. She saw at a glance that she was a little lady, in spite of the facts that she was applying for a "situation," and her kind heart went out to her in sympathy mingled with admiration. She now arose, and turned, with a gracious smile, to her, saying, as she saw her shrink from the coming ordeal:

"My dear, perhaps it is not easy for you to play from memory, but I have a little collection of new music here. Come and select something to play for us."

She led the way to the piano, and laid out a dozen or more pieces for Hazel to choose from.

The young girl gave her a grateful glance, accompanied by a low "Thank you," and began to turn over the music.

It was nearly all familiar to her, and she told her ladyship that she would play anything that she liked.

The duchess laid two pieces on the rack, giving her another reassuring smile, and then seated herself near by.

She played brilliantly and correctly, and Belle Stewart was charmed to her side before she was half through, watching her skilful fingers with admiring eyes.

"If I could learn to play like that, I wouldn't mind the practice," she said, when Hazel paused; "but it is just dreadful to have to sit hour after hour drumming away at a dull exercise, and counting one, two, three, four, over and over."

"You dislike the counting?" said Hazel, smiling.

"I—hate it!"

"I have one collection of exercises which I think you would not call dull; they are prettier than many pieces."

"But—you have to count all the same."

"Oh, yes; one must keep time, to be a good musician."

"It is so tedious!" complained Miss Belle.

Hazel glanced at some fancy work that the girl held in her hands.

"Do you like to crochet?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed; it is delightful work."

"But you have to count," observed Hazel, with an arch look.

"O-ee-e!" for an instant Belle seemed slightly disconcerted.

"Do you ever find it 'tedious'?" pursued Hazel.

"Oh, no one can make such lovely things that one does not stop to think of the counting."

"And that is true, too, in music," Hazel returned. "One can make such lovely music if one plays in time, that one does not mind the counting."

"I never thought of it in that way before," Belle said, looking up with real interest. "It has alway been, Belle, you must count your time—you will never make a player, Belle, if you do not count time; and when I think how you are making with that exercise, until the counting has grown to be such a bugbear I can think of anything else," quoted the girl, with a droll mixture of mischief and pathos.

"That is a great mistake," Hazel said, quietly; then turning to the duchess, she asked:

"Is there anything else you would like me to play?"

"Yes, please; here is a little thing that I am very fond of, and her grace placed an arrangement of "The Shepherd Boy," before her, then went back to her seat near Mrs. Stewart.

"Take my word for it," said, a low tone, under cover of the music, "and engage that girl—she will be just the companion that Belle needs; she has already given her a lesson in music that she will never forget."

(To be Continued.)

No Vermin There.

Lady—You are sure that the house contains no vermin?

House Owner (indignantly and very emphatically)—Vermin in a house of mine! Not much!

Lady—Well, I'm glad of that. If there is anything I do detest it is a house overrun with roaches and—

House Owner—Oh, I won't say there ain't a few roaches. Most any house is liable to have a few roaches.

Lady—And rats and mice—are there any of them?

House Owner—Well, there might be a mouse here and there and a couple of rats or so, maybe, but there ain't none to hurt.

Lady—How about bed-bugs?

House Owner—Bed-bugs! Well, now, of course, bed-bugs is different. Jevver see a house that had been lived in at all that didn't have a few? (Warmly.) Why, the house I live in myself is chock full of 'em. What I do say, though, is, that there ain't no vermin in no house of mine, no sir, not none. When do you think you'll move in?

Lady—I'm afraid your house will not suit me. Good-day.

House Owner (soliloquizingly)—Now I wonder what that woman can find fault with in this house? After almost sayin' she'd take it I wonder what she's got against it. There's nothing wrong with it she don't want it. That's just like a woman. They ain't got no sense, nohow.

LADIES'

SILVER WATCHES

AND

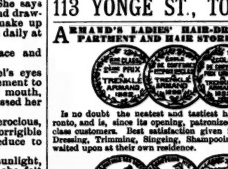
FOB CHAINS

RYRIE BROTHERS

JEWELERS

113 YONGE ST., TORONTO

ARMAND'S LADIES' HAIR-DRESSING DEPARTMENT AND HAIR STORE



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Summer Saunterings.

For Saturday Night.

If I were to tell you of a cluster of mountains with a lake on top three miles in circumference and from twenty to thirty feet deep, you would wonder where it was. Yet such a sight there is within an hour's ride by train from Montreal. The name of the place is St. Hilaire, the name of the mountains Belœil, and they are the highest in the Province of Quebec. St. Hilaire is on the banks of the Iroquois river, now called the Richelieu, and hereabouts it was that the celebrated tribe of Iroquois Indians fought so many desperate battles with the French troops in the years that are gone. It is really one of the most picturesque spots in the Dominion. Of the Indians themselves there are no traces. Some of them have been seen on the front steps of cigar stores in an attitude of wooden-headed dejection, with paint on their faces and feathers in their hair, and their descendants are said to turn up occasionally at election time to record their votes in North York and Haldimand; but not a war-whoop is to be heard in their former hunting grounds, and the noble red man is nearly as extinct as the Dodo.

On the summit of the highest of the Belœil mountains stood once a cross, but now there is nothing save a few big boulders and an upright post. The view, however, is grand, although it takes over an hour's steady climbing to get to it. Before you and below you is the lake, skirted with trees and heavy underbrush, and boats gliding over its surface. Where the water comes from is a mystery, as the lake appears to have neither inlet nor outlet, but there it is, sure enough, and a beautiful picture it makes, with the sunshine sparkling on its bosom and the grim mountains guarding it with their solemn peaks, silent sentinels of the ages.

Away off, as far as the eye can reach, are to be seen the outlines of the Adirondacks of New York and the Green Mountains of Vermont; scattered along the banks of the Richelieu as it flows listlessly past the base of the mountains are charming little villazes, each with its towering church spire glittering in the sunlight; the farms look like immense checker boards, the squares in every conceivable shade of green, this one dark, the next one light, according to the crop, while dotting the landscape o'er are the whitewashed cottages of the *habitants*, neat, cool and restful to the eye. Beyond is the mountain at Montreal, of which, by the way, Montreal is very proud. The first question you ask a visitor to Montreal, if you follow the stereotyped style, is: "Been round the mountain?" There is a popular tradition to the effect that the mountain was built by Montrealers, but as far as can be learned it is not well founded. Still, they are all proud of it, and I begin to feel a little bit stuck up about it myself.

From the summit of Belœil, as I was saying, you can see picturesque villages along the banks of the river. Among the nearest is Chambly, where there is an old fort, one of the oldest on the continent, and not far off is a monument to De Salaberry, who possessed all the virtues of the French soldier, and whose name still lives in the hearts of his countrymen. At Chambly, too, is a cottage rather larger than a Saratoga trunk, where Albani first saw the light. Her old father lives here yet, comfortably provided for by his famous daughter, whose voice has made music for the ears of countless multitudes. All this time you are supposed to be looking about you from the top of the Belœil Mountains.

St. Helen's Island lies opposite Montreal, and derived its name from the wife of Champlain. She was the first lady to visit Canada. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, commanding the French troops, after seven years of glory and of suffering, and seeing no hope of succor being sent by France, heart-broken by despair and close pent in Montreal, capitulated with his broken army to the British. One of the conditions imposed on him by the British was that he should deliver up his colors, upon every glorious rag of which, blackened by powder and red with blood, was stamped the proud memorial of some great victory. One of his officers named Levis, like a true knight, protested against this humiliation, but in vain. So, ordering the flags to be brought before him, draped in crape, at midnight, he knelt upon the turf, stifled his sobs, kissed the colors farewell, and burned them, rather than that they should be given up to the British foes. When Vaudreuil asked for the flags in the morning to deliver them up, he was shown a heap of ashes.

There is a village called after the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and a pretty place it is. Like St. Hilaire it is a summer resort. They tell a story of the hotel people at the Iroquois House at St. Hilaire putting a twenty-four pound fish in the lake on the mountain and setting a young English tourist to catch it. They told him that there was good fishing there, and after three days' strict attention to business he landed the fish. The catching of a twenty-four pound maskilonge was considered something wonderful, and everybody began to talk of the splendid fishing at St. Hilaire. The young Englishman was ready to make affidavit that he had caught a twenty-four pounder, as indeed he had. Business at the hotel improved greatly.

Then this summer an immense fish at Vaudreuil jumped into a boat in which three guests were rowing. It had to be pounded on the head with an oar and have its tail cut before it could be brought to understand that it was in the society of gentlemen and must behave itself. This put the hotel at Vaudreuil ahead, it being evident that a summer resort at which abnormal fish jump into your boat and allow themselves to be rowed ashore has special advantages over those where you have to sit on a log all day and wait for the fish to bite. What seems to be in order now is a summer resort at which the fish can be taken out of the water already cooked and fit for the table.

At Vaudreuil—by the way, they call it Vodry—in most French words they seem to have letters to give away—are to be seen the ruins of an old castle, where the marquis used to live, and in the little church down in the village is his pew with his crest on the door. The marquis had dreams of creating a French nobility in the New World, with great landed estates, retainers and all the rest of it, but when the British took possession of the country they knocked all this on the head. He was the last governor sent out from France.

Of course you know that the Laurentian range, of which these mountains that I have been telling you about form a part, is the oldest known land in the universe, according to the researches of the geological gentlemen who find out things by looking at the strata, alluvial deposits, califerous formation, and all that sort of thing; and yet we are constantly being reminded that "Canada is a young country." Why, this very day I saw the Jacques Cartier Hotel, on Jacques Cartier square, at which Jacques Cartier put up when he came to discover Montreal three hundred and fifty-three years ago!

ALEX. F. PIRIE.

Harvest Time in Town.

For Saturday Night.

Why, here it is September
An' the leaves're turnin' brown;
It's jist about eleven months
Since moved into town.
I didn't think thet 'twus so late,
My, how the time hes flown,
The harvest mus' be finished now
An' the fall wheat s'moot sown.

I'm fifty-eight years old next month,
An' sence I wuz so high,
A workin' in the harvest field,
My summers hev gone by.
But this here season, fur the first,
The summer's passed away,
An' I never saw a stook of wheat,
Or smelt the new-mown hay.

I hain't seen oats 'r barley,
Or fields of flow'rin' peas,
Nur I hevn't seen the timothy
A wavin' in the breeze;
An' in the early mornin',
When everythin' is still,
I don't hear the calves a bawlin',
As I used to on the hill.

'Twus kind o' hard a leavin'
That old house on the hill:
'Twum's as good a house as this,
'Twus gittin' old, but still,
I' see we lived in that old house
Fur thirty years t' so,
An' 'twus hard to leave the old home,
That we built so long ago.

We'd sit out there on summer nights,
When we'd finished in the field,
Talkin' about the harvest,
An' how the crops 'd yield;
An' the crickets' song so solemn-like,
When everythin' wus still,
Allus made me think of the sleepers
In the grave-yard on the hill.

In town the hull thing's diff'rent,
They hev no crickets here,
No rooster's crow at mornin',
No Bob White's whistle clear;
An' it seems as if the lightnin' here
Could do a man no harm;
Don't seem to strike so wicked
As it used to on the farm.

But here it 's fall already!
They're thrashin' now out there,
An the folks 're gittin' ready
To come in to the fair.
And I hardly kin believe it
When I see the yellow leaves:
To think there's teen a harvest
An' I've never seen the sheaves.

VAN.

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

His Duty as He Saw It.

We were much interested recently in a small boy, sitting in an omnibus. It was hard to decide whether the boy's companion was his mother or elder sister, but presumably the former. At any rate, the little fellow was in good company, and the lady, whoever she was, was apparently pleased with her charge. The conversation was about a book, and after they had been talking a little while, the lady said to him—

"I am sorry you lent that book of papa's. You know he is very careful of his book, and that one came home in such a dreadful condition. You should never lend what is not your own."

"I know," said the little fellow, "but what in the world are you going to do when you have got to do as you would be done by!"

Jack in Court.

Amongst other peculiarities of seamen it is well known that they have an inveterate tendency to describe everything in the language of the sea. This peculiarity was strikingly exemplified in the case of an old boatswain, who was called as a witness in connection with a trial which took place some years ago. On Jack entering the witness box and being sworn, the following conversation took place:

"Now, Mr. Truck," said the lawyer, "you will be good enough to tell the court what you know concerning the prisoner at the bar."

"Well," said Jack, "ye see, 'twas like this. I was dodgin' along in the lee o' the Anchor an' Crown, just hackin' an' fillin' so's t' let a little cutter as I was expectin' range up alongside, when all of a sudden that fellow there opened out the harbor lights and came bowling along like the Flying Dutchman. When he came under my lee he jammed his helm hard down and stood away on the port tack, until he nearly fouled the pierhead. Then he put his wheel up and bore away before a good ten knot."

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, "this jargon is utterly unintelligible to the court. You must be more explicit. Was not the night on which you saw the prisoner a particularly stormy one?"

"Oh, well!" replied Jack, "you could have carried your topsails easily enough, and your courses, too, but it would hardly have been safe to set your to' gallants without a double reef in each of them. You might have carried the spanker with one reef, but she would have steered better if you had put on a couple."

"This is not answering my question," cried the lawyer. "You are trifling with the court, sir. Now, please pay attention and reply to me in an intelligible manner. About what time was it on the night on which you saw the prisoner?"

"I should say it was about three bells in the second dog watch."

"You are insulting the court, sir," cried the lawyer, angrily. "I must ask your lordship to warn this witness against any further trifling with this court."

His lordship, said sternly, turning to Jack—

"You must cease your professional jargon, which is wholly incomprehensible, and give your evidence in a plain, straightforward manner."

"Wholly incomprehensible!" exclaimed Jack in amazement. "Why, you call yourselves great scholars, and you don't understand plain English. How on earth do you want me to speak?"

"It is only waste of time dealing with such stupidity. You can stand down."

"I can what?" asked Jack.

"Stand down, sir," cried the lawyer.

"Been at sea thirty years, an' never heard such an order all the time. What do you mean?"

"Think he means you to trip your anchor and give him a wide berth, Jack," cried a voice in court.

"Well, why didn't he say so?" muttered Jack, as he was leaving the court room. "Blest if I ever seed such a set of lubbers. They don't know as much as the cook's boy."

Heaven Defend Us.

Railroad Superintendent (to assistant)—How much will it cost to have that bridge fixed?

Assistant—About $5,000.

Railroad Superintendent—My, my! That's a good deal of money; but we'll have to have it fixed sometime. Perhaps materials and wages will be cheaper next year. We'll wait.

Minister (at church the following Sunday)—From battle and murder and from sudden death.

Railroad Superintendent (fervently)—Good Lord, deliver us.

The Progress of Journalism.

A reporter of high reputation offers his services to the editor of a paper. "Friend," said the latter, "I am quite aware of your great capabilities; still there are many others who are equally proficent. What I want is a man who shall eclipse all the rest and supply me every day with a special article under the heading To-morrow's Crime.

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Mr. Geo. W. Laird: I have received and used, with great pleasure and delight, the "BLOOM OF YOUTH," and find it superior to any Cosmetic or Toilet Preparation in Europe. It imparts to the complexion beauty and brilliancy. With many thanks, Yours, with great esteem,

SIGNORA RISTORI.

The "Bloom of Youth" has been in use nearly twenty years, and has been used by over a million of ladies, including the opera singers, actresses and professional ladies generally, and always gives the utmost satisfaction. The proprietor could publish a book of testimonials, but secrecy forbids.

This delightful preparation has been chemically analyzed by the *Board of Health*, and declared harmless and in no way injurious to the skin or health.

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Vice-Presidents: George Goderham, Esq., President of the Bank of Toronto, William Bell, Esq., Manufacturer, Guelph.

Auditors: H. J. Hill, Secretary of the Industrial Exhibition Association, Toronto, Edgar A. Willis, Secretary Board of Trade, Toronto. J. B. Carlile, Managing Director, Toronto, Ont.

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Do not fail to inspect our stock of goods, all marked in plain figures, and nobody pressed to buy.

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218 Yonge Street, corner Albert Street

New Features.

A Bad Man's Sweetheart, Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard's new novel, a story of Toronto life, begins next week.

Guelda, the second of our *Family Herald* stories also begins week after next. Read the first chapters.

In the Pastor's Parlor, by Don, talks with city clergymen concerning religious work in Toronto, next week.

Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

cherche affair, at which many kind references to the young couple were made. Mr. and Mrs. Tinning left in the afternoon for the Western States, where they will spend their honeymoon.

I must decline to publish, as requested by "A Mother," the names of the "five young gentlemen—members of Toronto's leading families—who each subscribe twenty-five dollars per month towards the support of a house and its inmate, not one hundred miles from Ontario street, north of Wellesley." A Mother writes in a strain which shows her to be in desperate earnest, and I trust that the young men in question will govern themselves accordingly, if not for virtue's sake, lest their names fall into less scrupulous hands.

The first practice of the Toronto Vocal Society took place on Monday evening, with Mr. W. Elliott Haslam as musical conductor. The old members were present in large numbers, and a few new ones were enrolled. I understand that a very fine programme has been arranged for the coming season. The first concert will be given in the middle of December, and amongst the soloists engaged are Miss Annie Louise Tanner, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, Mons. Ovide Musin, violinist, and Mr. Edwin M. Shouert, pianist.

The Toronto Rowing Club has always been distinguished for the hearty, sociable feeling which obtains within its walls. A new social feature introduced last Saturday night is another proof of the foregoing. This is the inauguration of a series of smoking concerts to be held once a fortnight. Everyone knows how popular these affairs have become in clubland on the other side of the Atlantic. Last Saturday's, although the initial concert, was most successful, songs, speeches and recitations following one another in rapid succession, the whole being brought to a close before 11.30. Amongst those who enjoyed the hospitality of the evening were Messrs. D. Roberts, A. R. Carmichael, H. B. Wyatt, Jack Dynan, E. Dwyer, W. J. Bryce, N. J. Carnegie, W. F. Stewart, A. Mackenzie, J. B. Spink, Joseph Wright, Charles Lennox, P. J. Smith, J. Gouinlock and R. W. Elliott.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wilkes returned last week from a short visit to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Sweet have returned from Muskoka.

Mr. T. Y. Morton and Miss Christie have returned from a visit to friends in Chatham and Detroit.

Miss Lister, who has been visiting Miss Greer, returned last week to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Waterous, sr., are back from St. Paul, where they have been spending a few weeks.

Mrs. Lally of Boston is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Leonard.

Mr. W. A. Grasett of the Bank of Commerce has been moved to this branch from Simcoe. Mr. Grasett was here a few years ago, and is heartily welcomed back by his many friends.

Miss Nellie VanNorman has returned from Sarnia, where she has been for a few days.

The first regatta of the Brantford Canoe Club was held on Saturday last on Mohawk Lake (vulgarly known as Lovejoy's Pond). About 300 people, including all the elite of the city, were present, and great interest was taken in all the races, especially the ladies' tandem, which was very closely contested. This is the first time a regatta of this kind has ever been held in Brantford, and it is hoped that it will give an impetus to canoeing and boating.

Mr. J. Kerr Osborne was married in Port Rowan last week to Miss Killmaster, youngest daughter of Mr. B. Killmaster of that village. The bride is a sister of Mrs. Jas. Stratford of this city and has many friends here, her great personal attractions and many delightful qualities having made her one of Brantford's favorite belles during the past year. The wedding was a very quiet one, the only guests being relatives and a few friends. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne will pass several months in Europe, spending their Christmas in Rome, where, it is said, they will be joined by a prominent Brantford bachelor with his bride.

Mrs. Frank Cockshutt gave a delightful At Home at her residence on Sheridan street last Thursday afternoon. The beautiful rooms were most artistically decorated with flowers and autumn leaves. Amongst those present were Mrs. Jeffrey Hale, Mrs. C. Nelles, Mrs. A. S. Hardy, the Misses Curtis, Mrs. Chas. Cockshutt of Toronto, Mrs. Lally of Boston, Mrs. Leonard, the Misses Leonard, the Misses Gould, Mrs. L. S. Blackader, Mrs. I. Cockshutt, the Misses Cockshutt, Mrs. A. H. Bennett, the Misses Bennett, Miss Mackenzie of Sarnia, Mrs. G. H. and Miss Kate Wilkes, Mrs. T. Foster, the Misses Foster, Miss Agnew, the Misses Wye, Mrs. Glass, the Misses Morton, Mrs. A. S. Wilkes, Mrs. Haycock, Miss Katie Haycock, Mrs. W. A. Wilkie, Mrs. I. S. Waterous, Mrs. L. T. Whitehead, Miss Wilkes, the Misses Christie, Mrs. A. K. Buanell, Miss De Long, Miss Georgie Ross, Mrs. F. T. Wilkes, Mrs. H. McK. Wilson, Miss Nellie Wiener, the Misses Wisner, Mrs. Ott, the Misses McCara and others

Danford Roche & Co., while closing out their stock, are offering a special discount on all purchases over one dollar. This is a good chance for ladies to buy silks for evening or street wear.

Cyclorama.

The perspective obtained of the Battle of Sedan by the new electric light is something magnificent to behold. Those who have not seen this great work of art by the new lights should do so at once. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

As They Will Do It Some Day Perhaps.

Elderly lady to guard at railway station)—Which train do I want to take?

Polite Guard—You will pardon me, madam, for answering your question with another, but the solution of the proposition depends, to a somewhat broad extent, on where you want to go.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.—*Colton.*

Rosina Vokes.

(Continued from Page One.)

costumers in London, resulting in the whole family devoting themselves from childhood to the mimic art. Her popularity in Toronto is remarkable, and is not only evinced by the crowds at her performances, but by the courtesies which society is always delighted to offer this charming and jolly little woman who rules the day in her unique field of art and amusement. There is no one like her. There are those who perhaps make one laugh more, but none who like her can act the merry romp and still retain all the dignity and elegancy of refined womanhood. And more, there is a pathos in her acting which might bring a sob very close upon the laugh. When she gets into the many fantastic difficulties which are the events of her little comedies the audience is in most sincere and earnest sympathy with her, and seems to feel more than half afraid that she is going to cry before she gets through with her song; and thus they laugh uproariously with every preparation to weep if she shows the least signs of spilling a tear. I do not know another example of the particular comedy force that she possesses to such a great degree of reducing her audience to a hysterical condition where laughter and tears are produceable at will. She never brings the tear, but keeps it so near the surface that laughter is the only safety valve.

It is a pleasure to give the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT a picture—though it is but fairly good—of this charming little woman, and to express the hope that she will long live to laugh and dance and sing her way into the hearts of new friends for many, many seasons yet to come.

The Queen at Glasgow.

When we present addresses to the representatives of royalty in this country we very seldom incur more expense in connection with them than is necessary to have them nicely engrossed and framed. In the old world they launch out more than we do, as will be seen from the following. On Her Majesty's recent visit to Glasgow the municipal corporations of three ancient Burghs of Scotland—the Royal Burgh and great city of Glasgow, the Royal Burgh of Renfrew, and Paisley, which celebrated the 400th anniversary of its municipal charter on the day of Her Majesty's visit—presented loyal addresses to the Queen. The gold casket in which the Glasgow Corporation address was contained, and the gold key presented to Her Majesty at the opening of the new municipal buildings of Glasgow are shown in the engravings. In front of the casket which is of oblong shape, the central place is occupied by a representation in chased work of the new municipal buildings, with two side designs, one representing railway traffic and the other shipping. At the back is a view of the Glasgow Exhibition building. At one end is the College, at the other the University of Glasgow. The four corners bear modelled figures personifying Art, Science, Commerce

and Agriculture. On the lid are the arms of Glasgow, the Royal Arms and the Scottish Lion and Shield, in high relief, in polished and dead or frosted gold. The casket is enclosed in a case of green velvet, that being the customary color for Glasgow corporation presentations. Her Majesty was also presented with a casket of silver overlaid with pure gold, and richly engraved. This was presented in a handsome oak case lined with satin. The gold key delivered to Her Majesty for the opening of the new municipal building is of 22 carat solid gold. The casket containing the Renfrew corporation address was of gold, and that of the Paisley corporation of silver. Both were got up in the same magnificent style as the Glasgow casket. Our Governor-Generals in time might become reconciled to addresses if presented in this style.

Our engraving on page 3 represents Her Majesty and her little grandson, the son of Princess Beatrice, (Princess Henry of Battenberg), who accompanied the Queen on her visit to Scotland. Our pictures are copied from the *Illustrated London News.*

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BELL—On September 20, at Parkdale, Mrs J. C. Bell—a daughter.

ESTEN—On September 20, at Whitchurch, Mrs. J. P. Esten—a daughter.

IRWIN—On August 14, at London, Eng., Mrs. W. H. Irwin of Montreal—a son.

JOHNSTONE—On September 9, at Toronto, Mrs. T. R. Johnstone—a son.

McCONNEY—On September 19, at Guelph, Mrs. R. McConkey—a daughter.

McGOUN—On September 20, at Montreal, Mrs. Arch. McGoun, jr.—a son.

McLAREN—On September 16, at Toronto, Mrs. H. McLaren—a son.

McNAIR—On September 20, at Toronto, Mrs. D. C. McNair—a daughter.

McTAVISH—On September 18, at Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) McTavish—a daughter.

O'GRADY—On September 21, at Fredericton, N.B., Mrs. W. deCourcy O'Grady—a son.

ROBERTSON—On September 20, at Brantford, Mrs. A. Robertson—a daughter.

WILKINSON—On September 23, at Barrie, Mrs. N. Wilkinson—a daughter.

AUSTIN—On September 21, at 309 Seaton street, Mrs. Geo. e R. Austin—a daughter.

BABY—On September 19, at 307 Adelaide street west, Mrs George Baby—a son.

BURNS—On September 22, at 328 Bathurst street, Mrs. James Burns—a son.

COWDRY—On September 12, at Macleod, N. W. T., Mrs. J. Cowdry—a son.

RUST—On September 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles H. Rust—a son.

SIMPSON—On September 23, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles James Simpson—a daughter.

CHRISTIE—On September 25, at Severn Bridge, Mrs. W. P. Christie—a son.

TAYLOR—On September 24, at Goderich, Mrs. (Dr.) Taylor—a son.

CLARRY—On September 24, at Laskay, Mrs. H. E. Clarry—a daughter.

HIGGINBOTTOM—On September 25, at 25 Alice street, Mrs. R. W. Higginbottom—a daughter.

LIVINGSTON—On September 22, at 487 Jarvis street, Mrs. L. M. Livingston—a daughter.

THOMAN—On September 23, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Thoman—a daughter.

WOOLVERTON—On September 25, at Grimsby, Mrs. Linus Woolverton—a son.

OLYER—On September 22, at Medicine Hat, Mrs. Albert Olver—a son.

Marriages.

MACLEAN—MOORE—On September 12, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Frank E. Maclean of New York, to Clara E. Moore of Brooklyn.

COLQUHOUN—DYRE—On September 20, at Picton, J. E. Colquhoun to Carrie Dyre.

BARBARET—HORSE—On September 18, at Chicago, Ill., Kenneth Barnhart to Fanny Cayell Morse.

CAMPBELL—CAMERON—On September 19, at Port Elgin, Ont., Archibald G. Campbell, B.A., LL.B., of Harriston, to Grace Cameron.

DUNSTAN—PALMER—On September 20, at St. Catharines, George H. C. Dunstan of Toronto, to Ida Mabel Palmer.

LUMSDEN—CLARKSON—On September 19, at Toronto, Frederick James Lumsden, to J. E. Clarkson of St. Catharines.

METCALFE—WESTON—On September 18, at St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., Henry D. Metcalfe, to Alice Weston.

O'NEILL—BENZINGER—On September 18, at Chicago, Hugh John O'Neill, to Loretta Benzinger of Baltimore, Md.

THOMPSON—WALMSLEY—On September 18, at Parkdale, Joseph Parkins Thompson, to Marion Gertrude Walmsley of Parkdale.

WOOD—DWYER—At Toronto, S. T. Wood, to Frances S. Dwyer, both of Toronto.

CASSON—JARDINE—On September 20, W. Carson of Hamilton, to Lizzie Jardine of Nelson.

FEE—PATON—On September 19, at Ulverton, Que., Thomas A. Fee of South Durham, Que., to Frances Maud Paton of Ulverton.

JENKINSON—CAMERON—On September 19, at Montreal, R. B. Jenkinson to Alice E. Cameron of Cornwall, Ont.

REDMOND—MARTIN—On September 17, at Victoria, B.C., William Henry Redmond of Victoria, to Marie Lumina Martin of Vancouver.

EMORY—JOB—On September 22, at Waterdown, Ont., W. J. Hunter Emory, M.D., of Toronto, to Ethel M. Job.

HOME—RILEY—On September 22, Robert Home to Sarah Frances Riley of Toronto.

MOYLE—SANDERSON—On September 26, at Brantford, Joseph R. Moyle to Ella Sanderson.

ROUGH—MULDREW—On September 26, at Toronto, Wm. Stark Rough of Winnipeg, Man., to Faith Muldrew.

ELLIS—ALLEN—On September 24, at St. Mary's, James Ellis to Roxy Allen of East Nissouri.

FITTON—MALONE—On September 26, at Clifton, Ont., Cecil H. Fitton of Simcoe, to Minnie Malone.

ROBERTSON—BROWN—On September 26, at Trafalgar, George Robertson of Newmarket, to J. Brown of Trafalgar.

Deaths.

AUSTON—At Gananoque, Alice Eliza Auston.

COOPER—On September 12, John Cooper, aged 28 years.

HARPER—On September 22, William J. Harper.

HAYES—On September 23, at Toronto, Daniel Hayes, aged 63 years.

JACKMAN—On September 24, at Toronto, Matilda Jane Wray Jackman, aged 56 years.

KELLY—On September 12, at Portland, N.B., Mary Kelly, aged 74 years.

SHAW—On September 19, at Brandon, Man., Dora Helen Shaw.

VASS—On September 3, at Inverness, Scotland, David Vass, aged 77 years.

WOOD—On September 22, at Davenport, Carol'ne Matilda Wood, aged 77 years.

STONE—On September 21, at Toronto, Freddie Stone.

LANTON—On September 19, at Hamilton, Rev. Henry Lanton, aged 79 years.

MELVILLE—On September 23, at 22 McMurrich street, Margaret Peden Melville, aged 61 years.

HAMILTON—At Hamilton, Margaret Muir Hamilton, aged 74 years.

WILLIAMS—On August 28, at Liverpool, England, Isabella Williams.

McNEIL—On September 23, at Toronto, James McNeil.

CROZIER—On September 19, at Belleville, Andrew Deacon Crozier, aged 39 years.

McGRATH—On September 24, Edward McGrath, aged 26 years.

ROBERTS—On September 24, at Toronto, Margaret Selina Roberts, aged 59 years.

WELLWOOD—On September 23, at Wingham, N. Wellwood of Epsom.

AYLESWORTH—On September 24, at Georgetown, Rev. Dr. J. B. Aylesworth, sr., aged 76 years.

MACDOUGALL—On September 23, at San Bernardino, California, Katie C. Macdougall of Cobourg, Ont.

MACKENZIE—On September 22, at Boston, William Ellis Mackenzie.

MILLARD—On September 20, at Hawley, Penn., Robert Millard, aged 74 years.

MACDONALD—On September 23, at Montreal, Thomas Macdonald, aged 59 years.

STILWELL—On February 18, at Decatur, Ala., E. L. Stilwell, aged 56 years.

TROTTER—On September 24, at Chicago, Mrs. M. A. Trotter.

BILLINGHURST—At Toronto, Lillyetta Billinghurst, aged 16 months.

EVANS—On September 26, at Toronto, John H. W. Evans, aged 79 years.

SPENCE—On September 24, Bessie M. Spence of London West, aged 26 years.

WATT—At Hesford, Mary Watt, of Baskerville, B.C.

The Jewell Restaurant, 10 Jordan street, now open under new management. The restaurant will, as usual, be supplied with all the luxuries of the season; and the present proprietor solicits a continuance of the favors of all the old patrons. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

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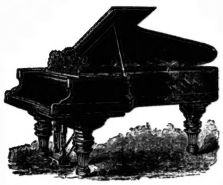

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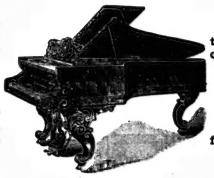

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